

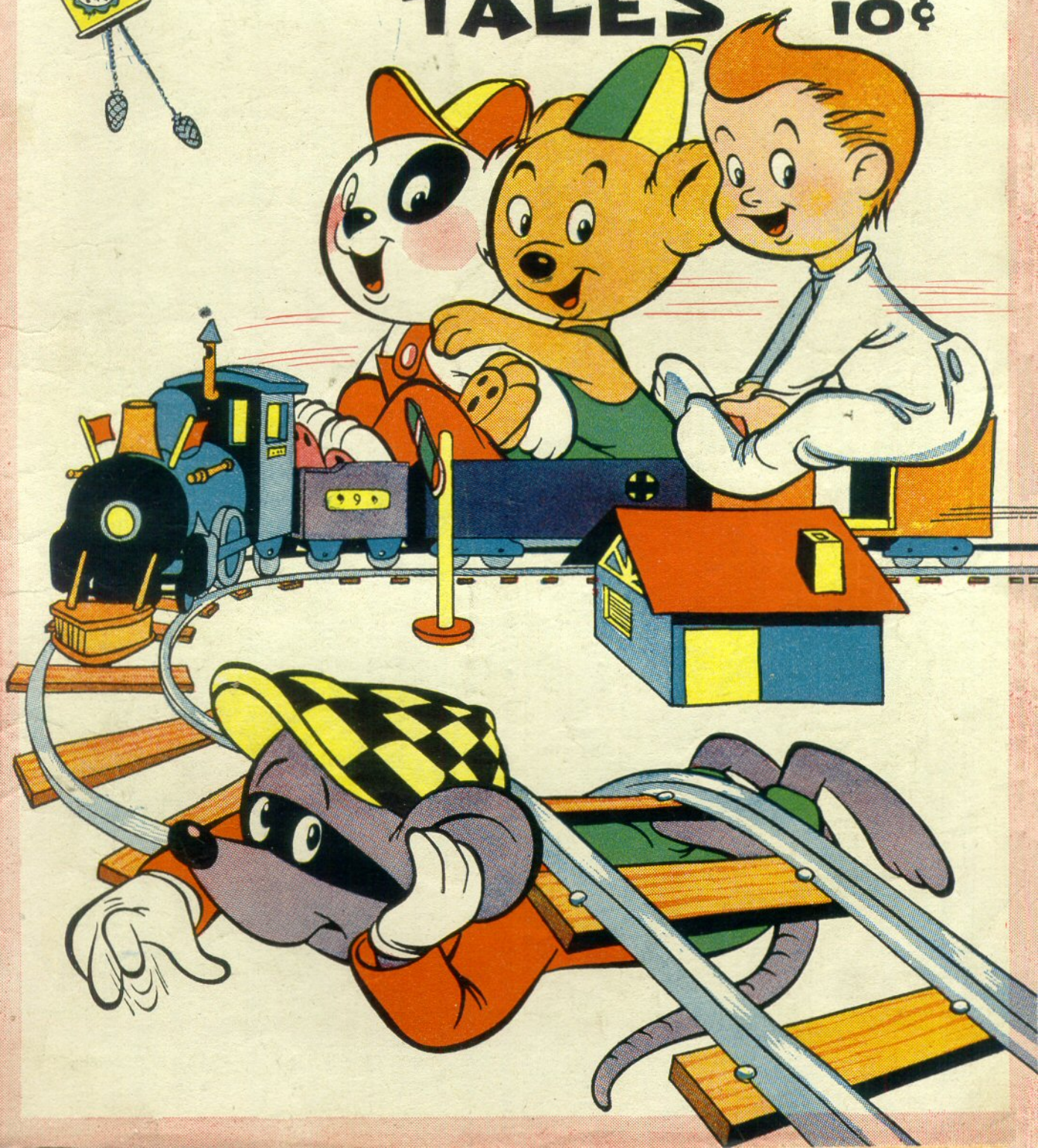
NO.
11

NOVEMBER

TICK TOCK

TALES

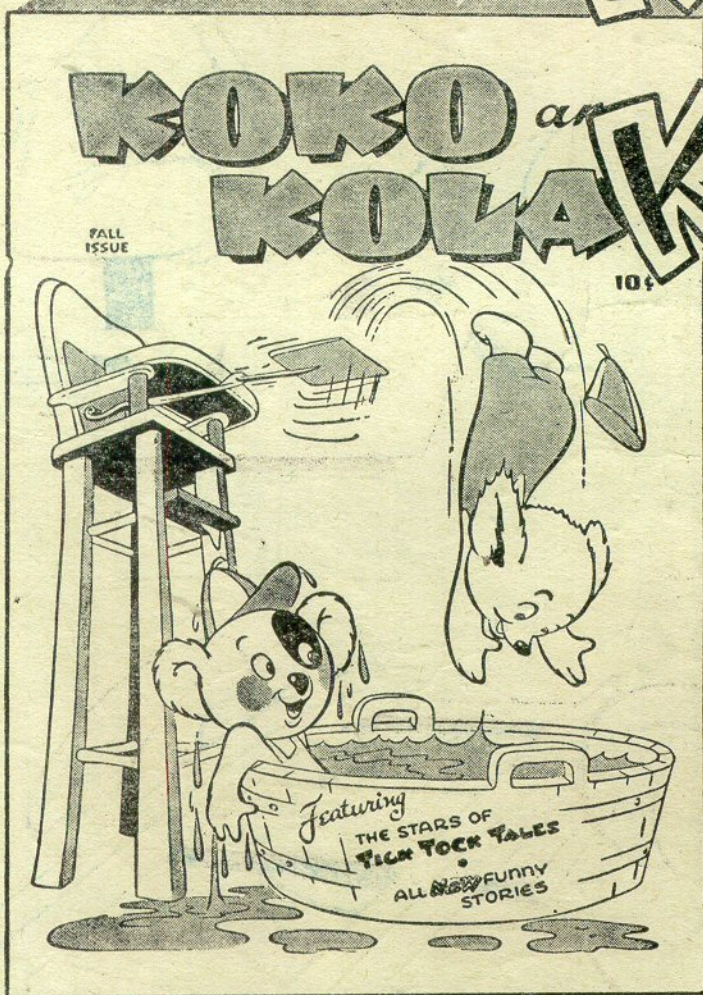
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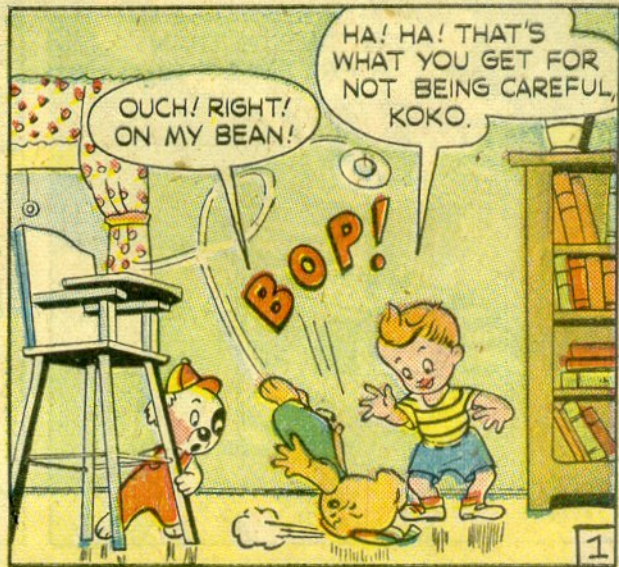
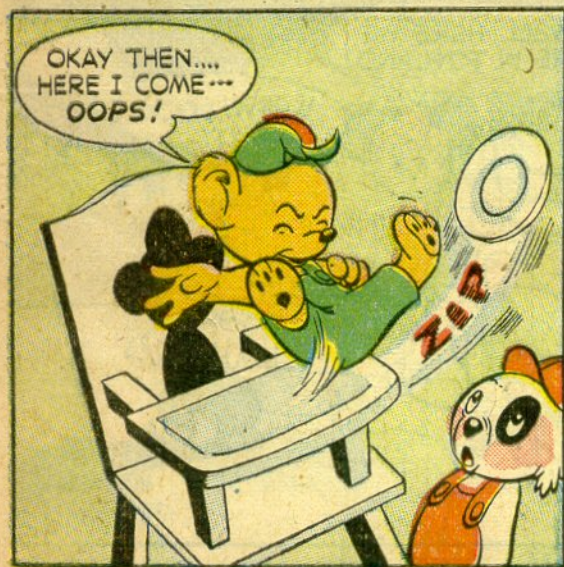
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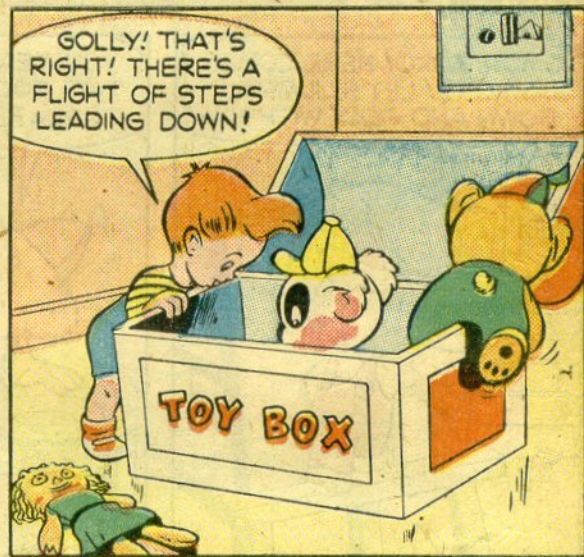
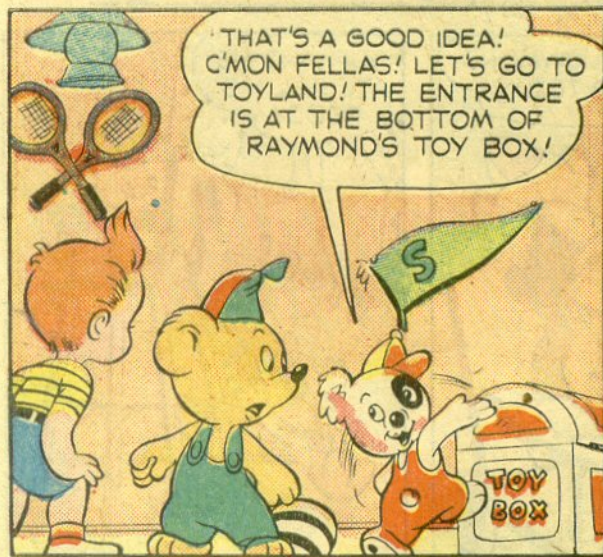
A Whole BOOK of new KOKO and KOLA STORIES

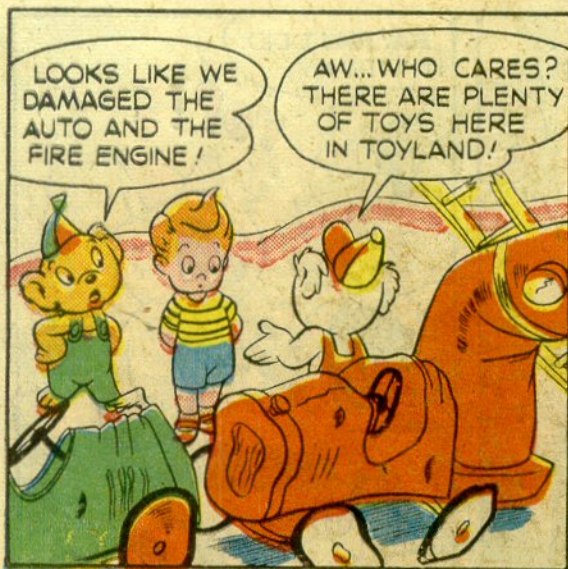
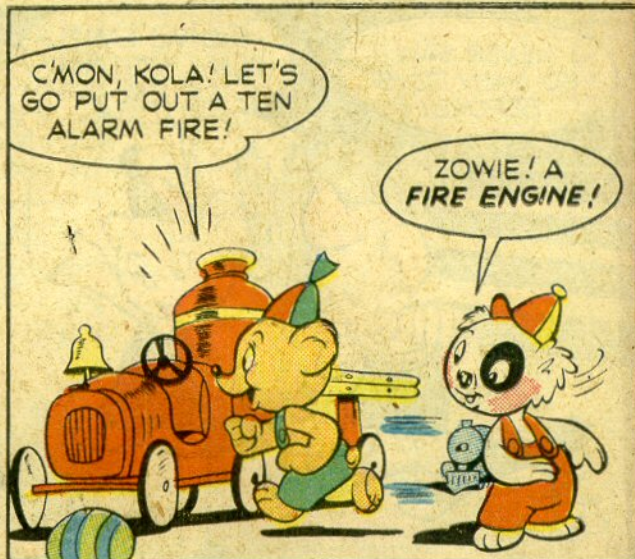
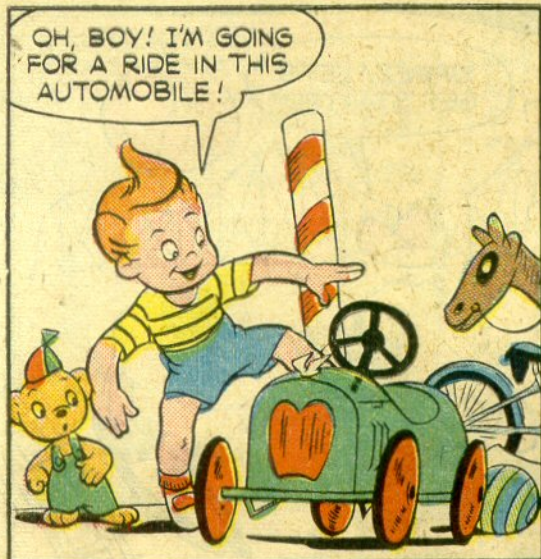


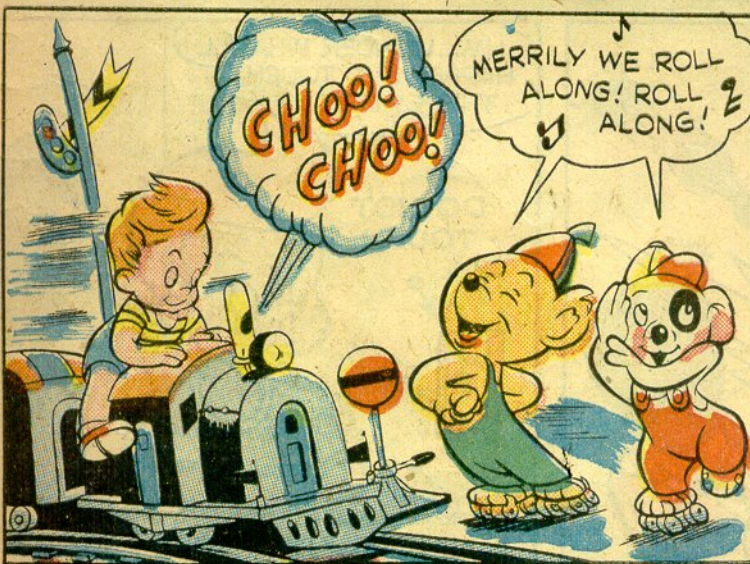
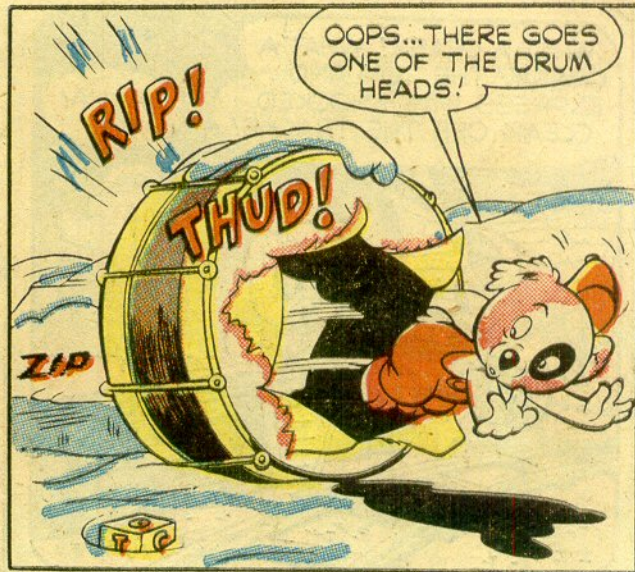
OUT NOW

TICK TOCK TALES, November, 1946, Vol. 1, No. 11. Published monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1945 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in U. S. A. \$1.50 per year. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



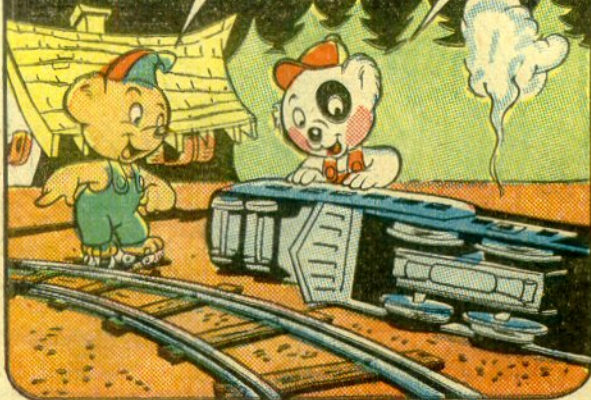






WHAT A CRASH! WHAT A **CRASH!** THE TOYLAND EXPRESS WAS KNOCKED CLEAR OFF THE TRACKS!

HA! HA!
HA!



LOOK AT ME...
BIG CHIEF RAYMOND,
AND I GOT A **BOW
AND ARROW!**

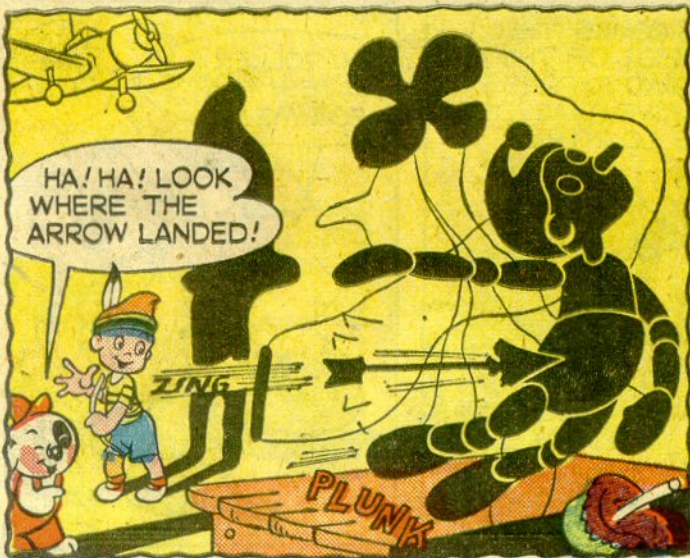


LET'S SEE YOU
HIT THAT WOODEN
PUPPET ON THE
TABLE!

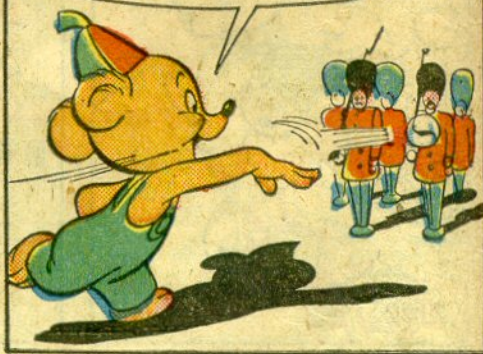
OH, THAT'S
EASY!



HA! HA! LOOK
WHERE THE
ARROW LANDED!



AW, THAT'S NOTHING! WATCH
ME KNOCK THOSE LEAD SOLDIERS
DOWN WITH THIS BALL!



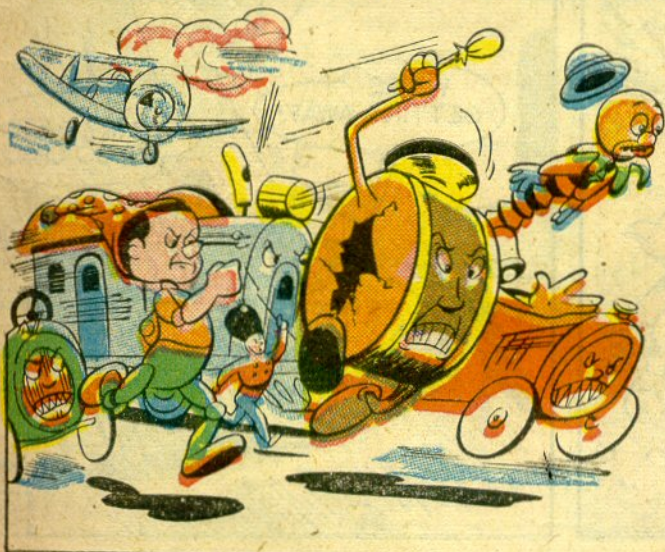
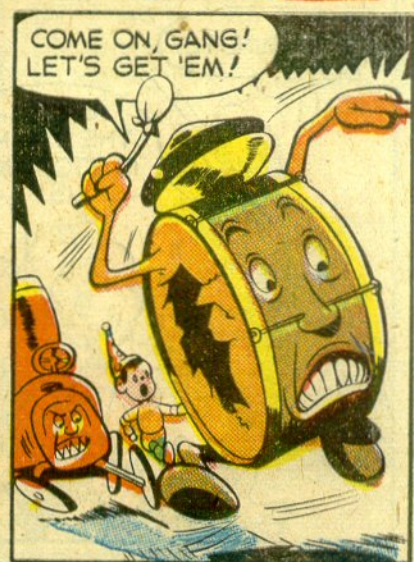
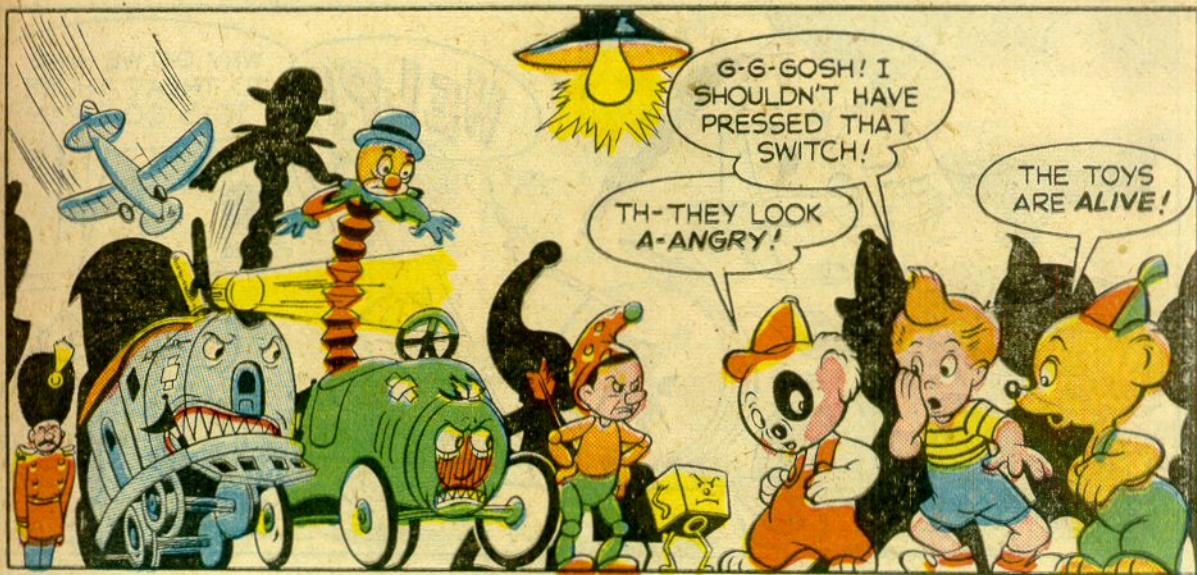
PERFECT AIM! YOU
GOT 'EM ALL!

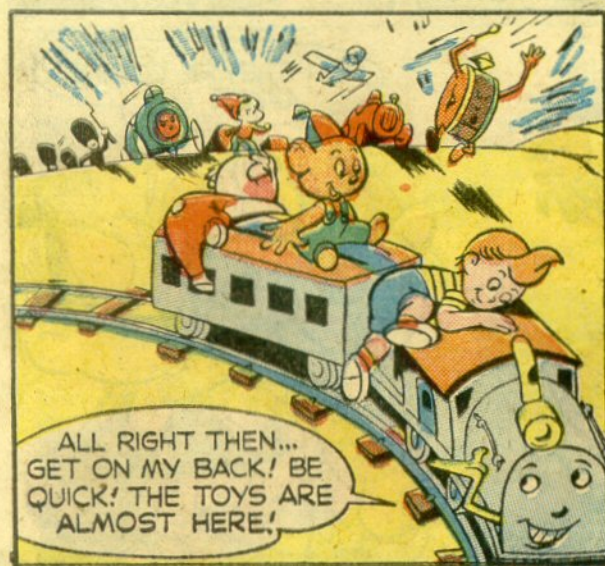
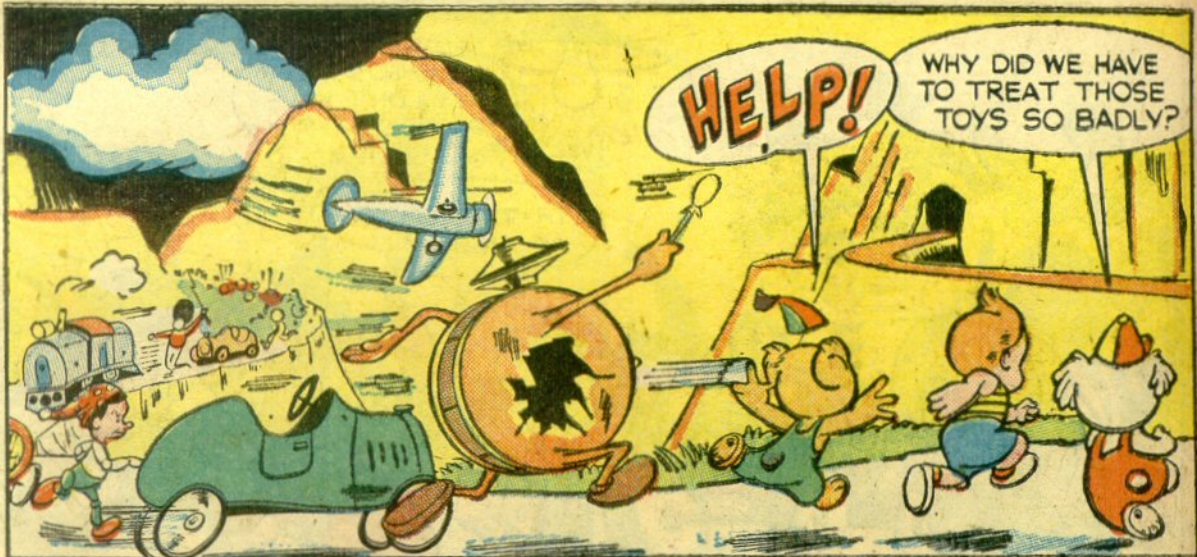


HM...WONDER WHAT'LL
HAPPEN IF I TOUCH
THIS SWITCH!

DO NOT
TOUCH









HERE WE ARE AT THE STAIRS... THEY CAN'T CATCH YOU!



GEE, THANKS, MISTER CHOO CHOO!

IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU TO HELP US!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT... JUST REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE!



WE WILL... GOODBYE!



PHEW! IT'S MUCH HARDER WALKING UP THESE STAIRS THAN DOWN!

IT ALWAYS IS!



OH, BOY! HOME AT LAST!



L-LOOK! THAT STUFFED TOY! MAYBE HE'LL COME TO LIFE!

HA! HA! DON'T BE AFRAID! TOYS COME TO LIFE ONLY IN TOYLAND!



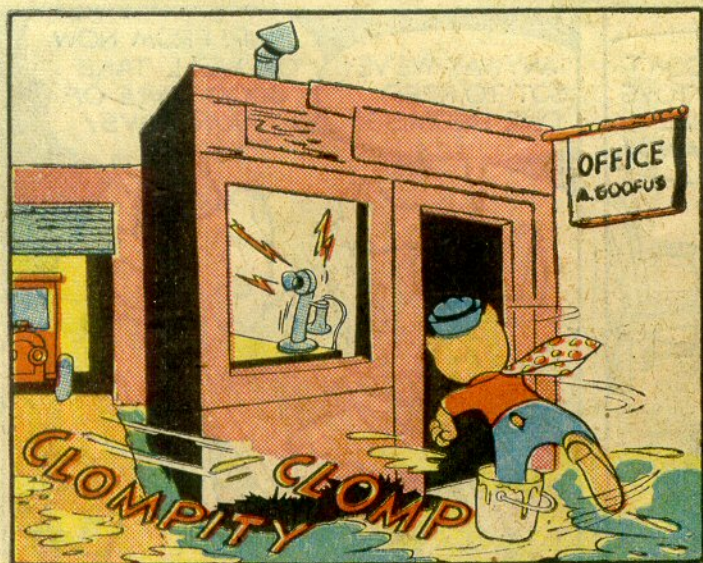
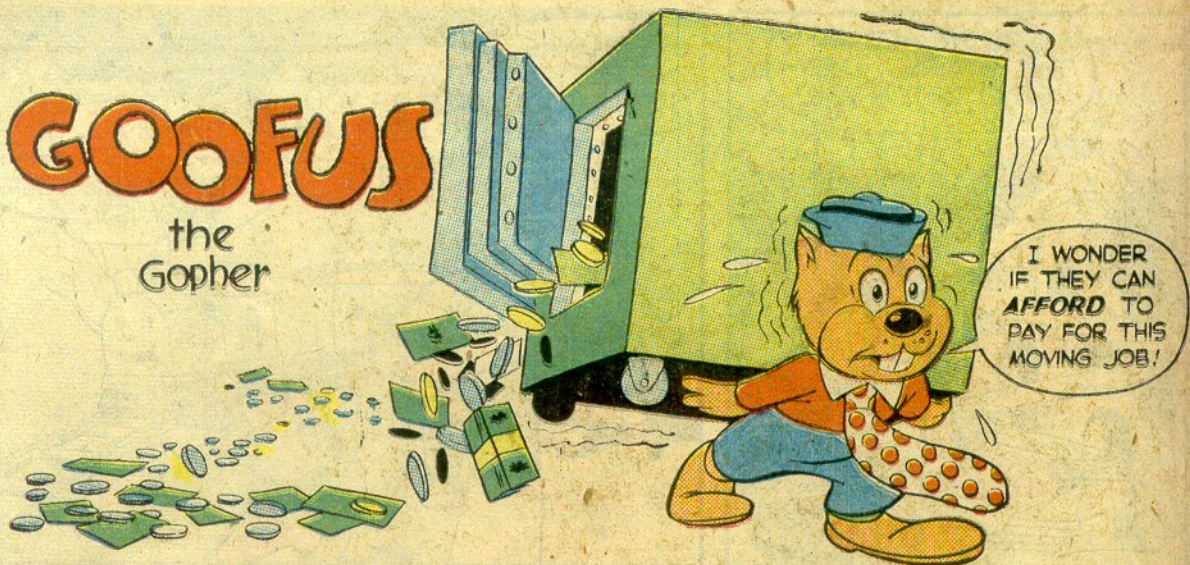
ANYWAY WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR PROMISE!

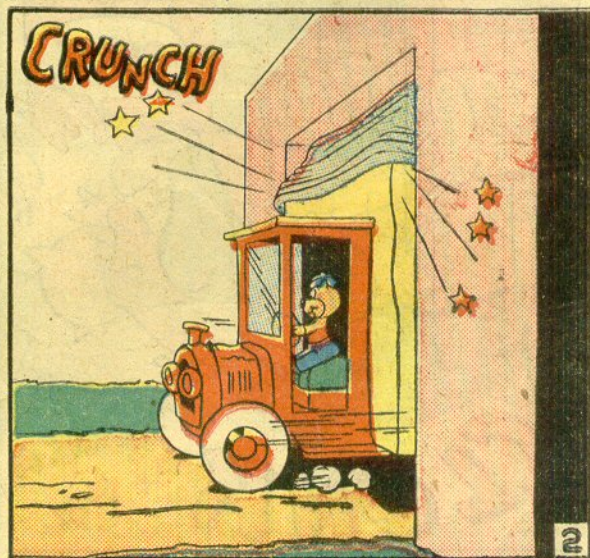
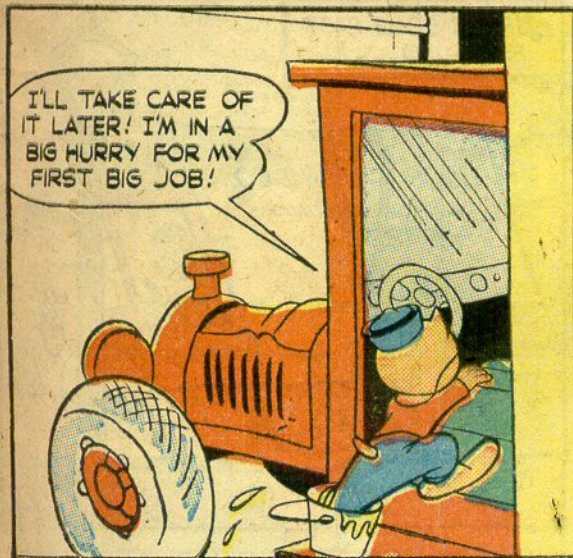
YUP! FROM NOW ON WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF OUR TOYS!

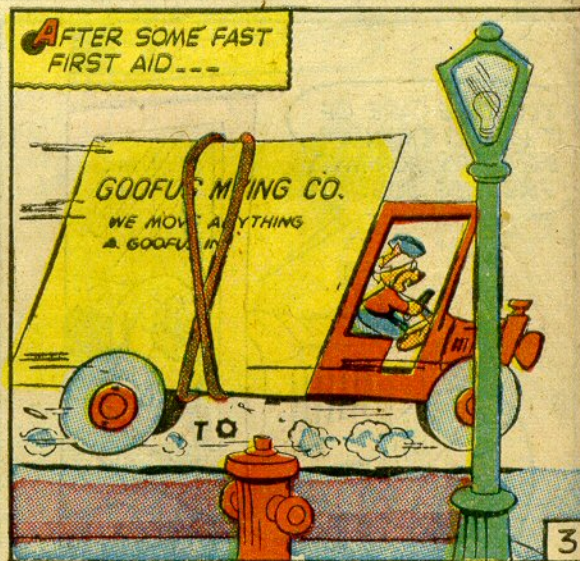
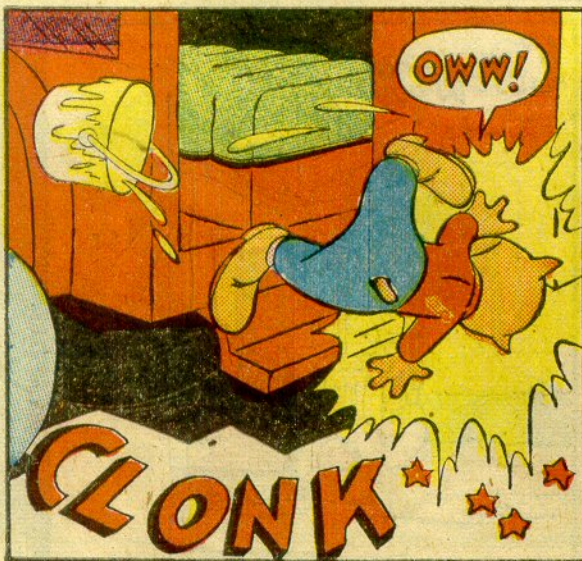
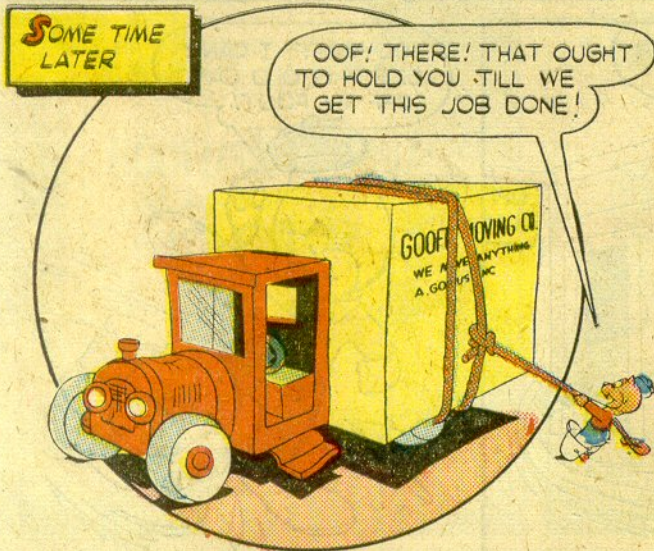
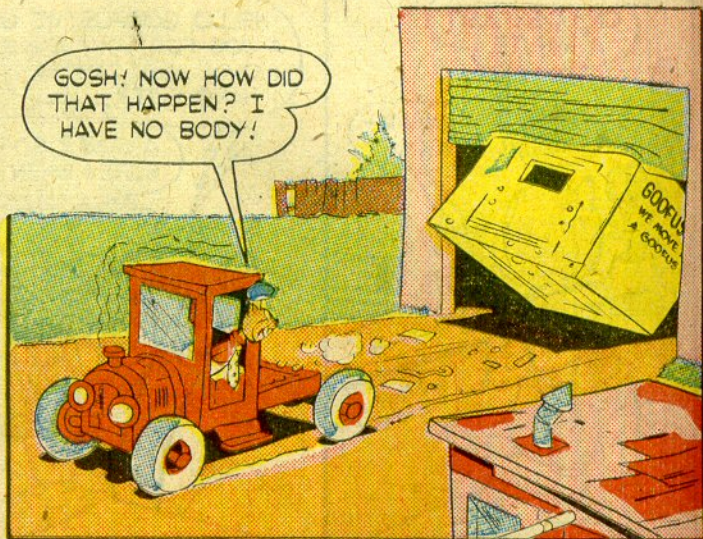
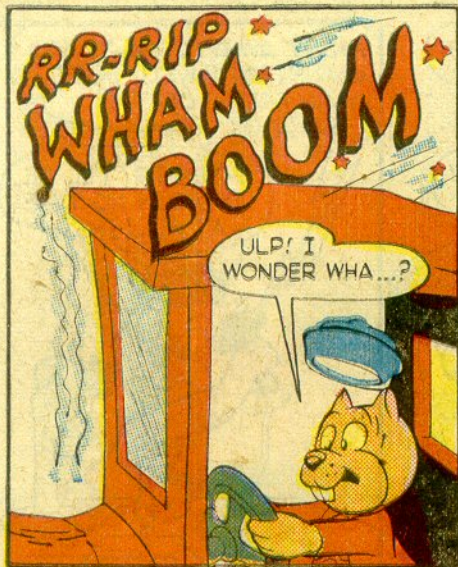
THE END

GOOFUS

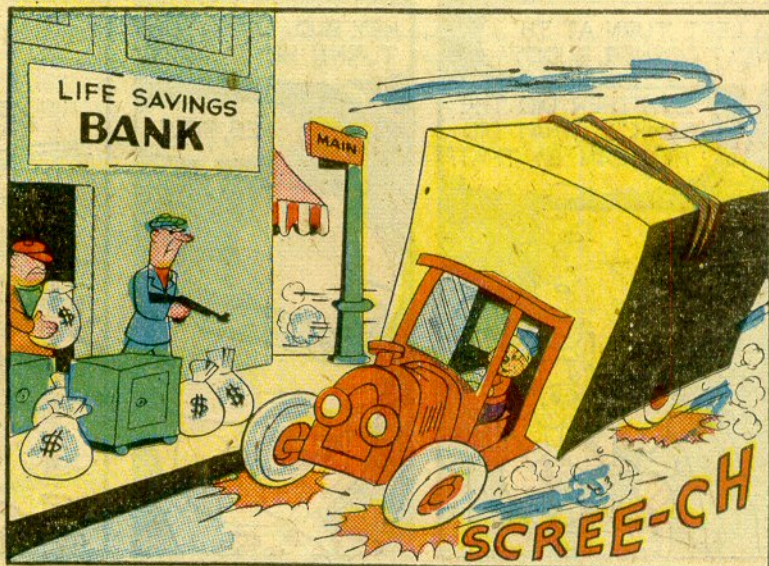
the
Gopher







100 MAIN STREET
SHOULD BE THE
NEXT CORNER!



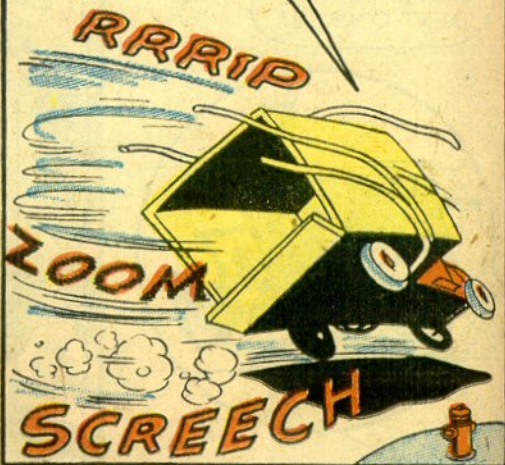
A LEFT TURN AT TH' NEXT CORNER, BUDDY!

— "NEITHER DID THE BANK" — WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?

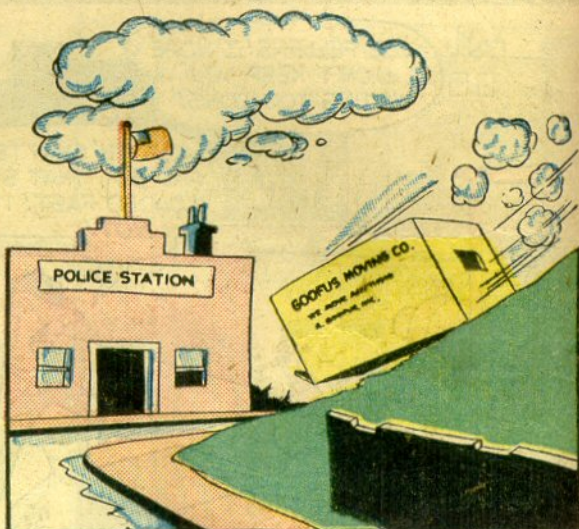
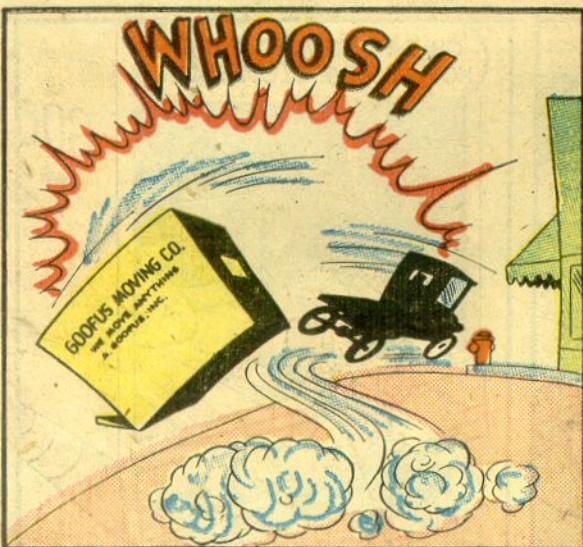
HEY, BUD! LEFT TURN!! HEY!

YES, SIR!!

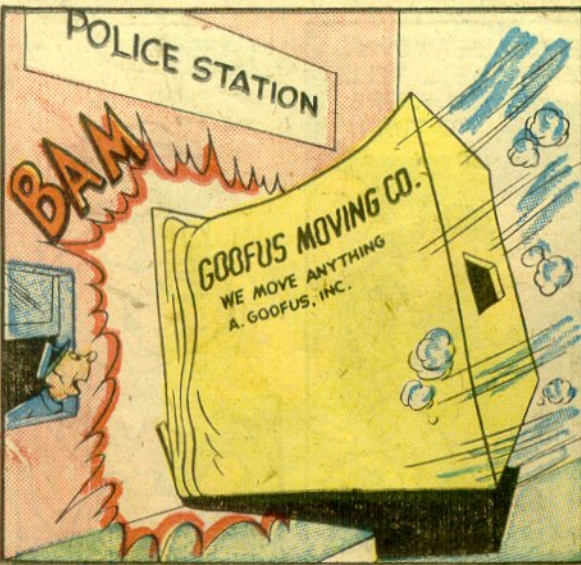
ULP! HEY! I CAN'T SEE!



WHOOSH

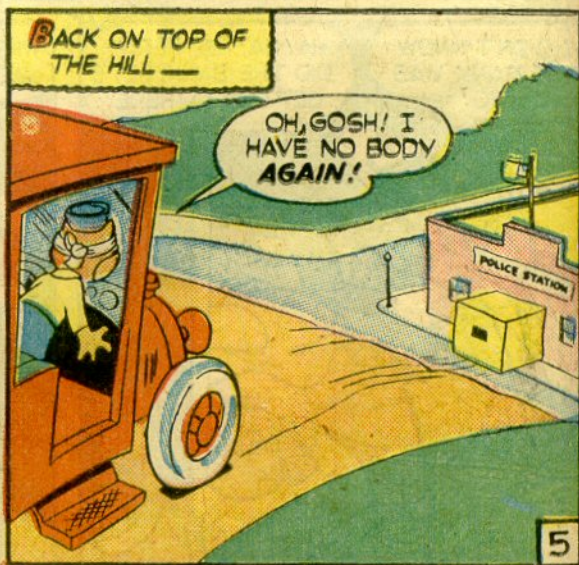


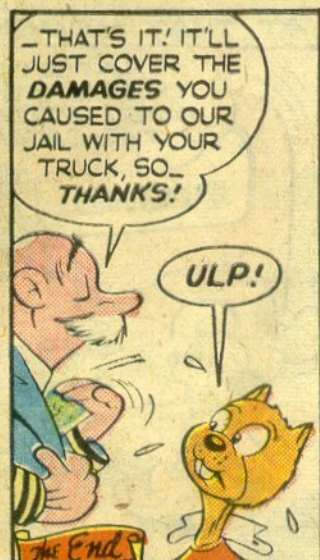
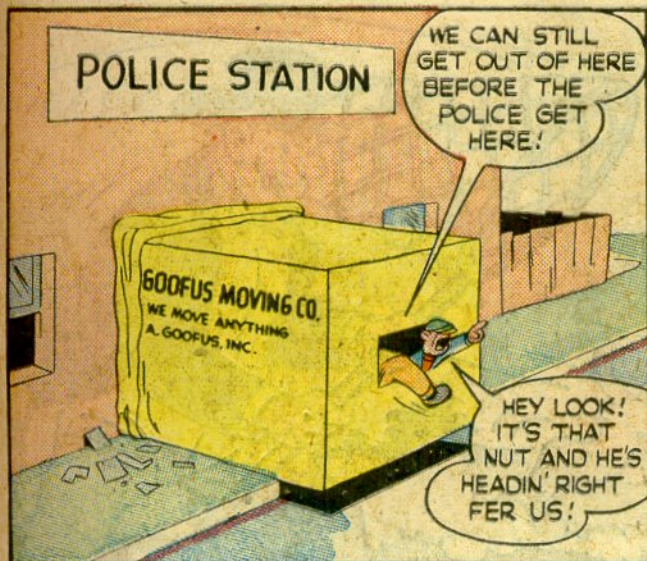
POLICE STATION



BACK ON TOP OF THE HILL —

OH, GOSH! I HAVE NO BODY AGAIN!

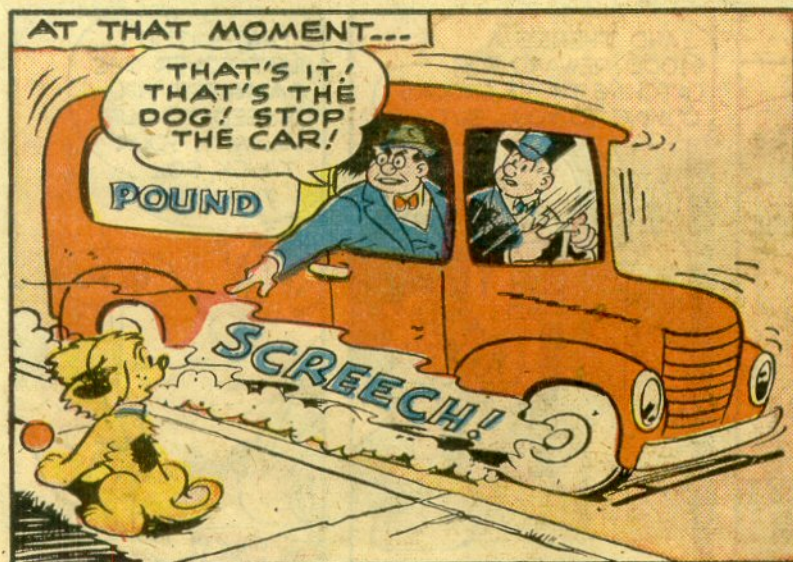
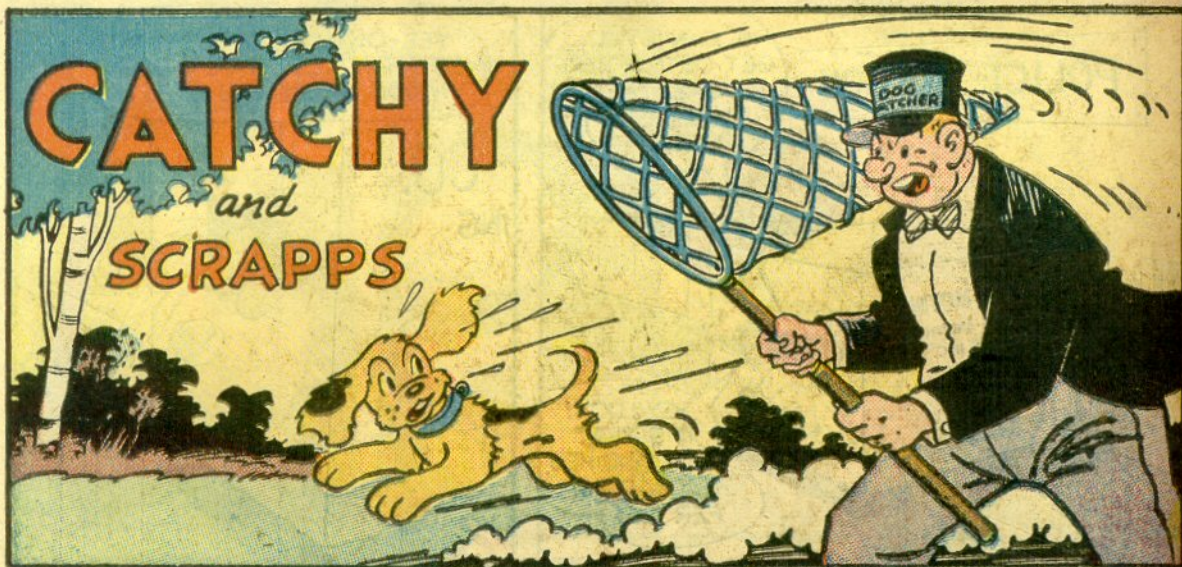


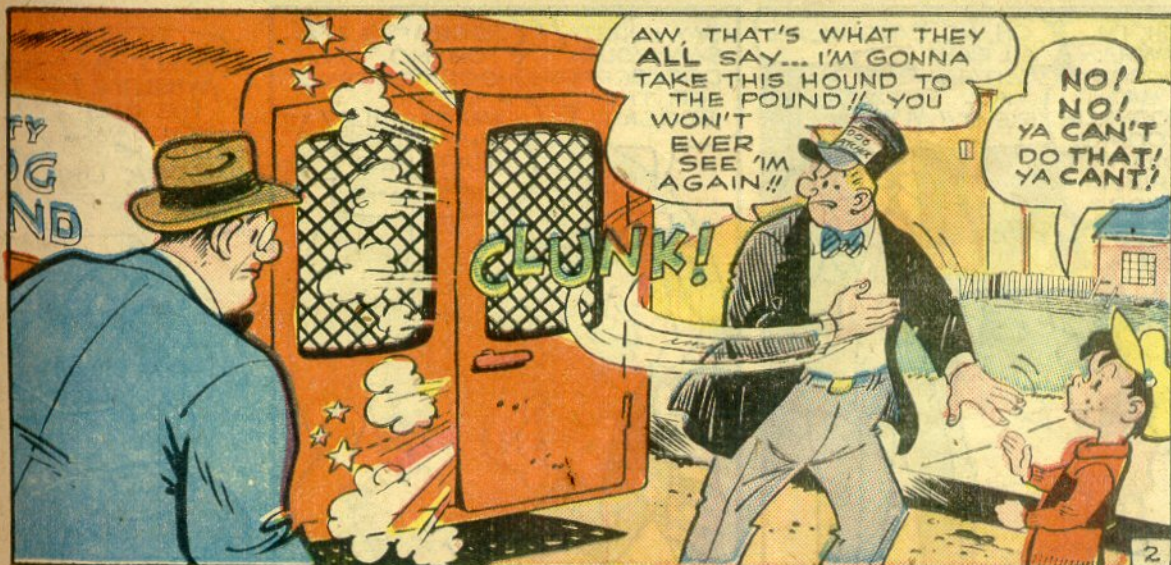


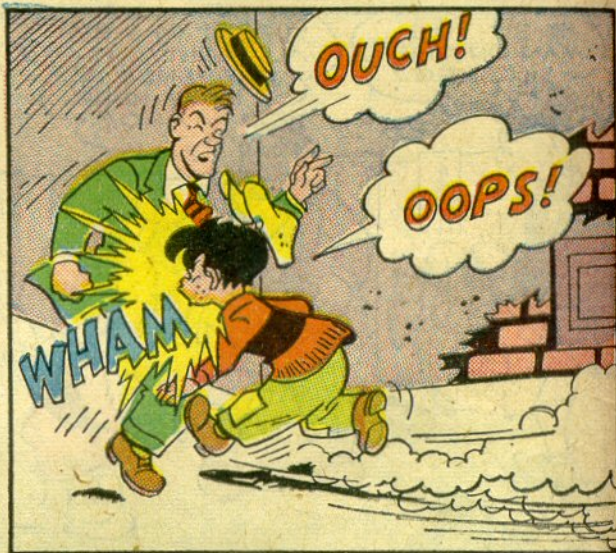
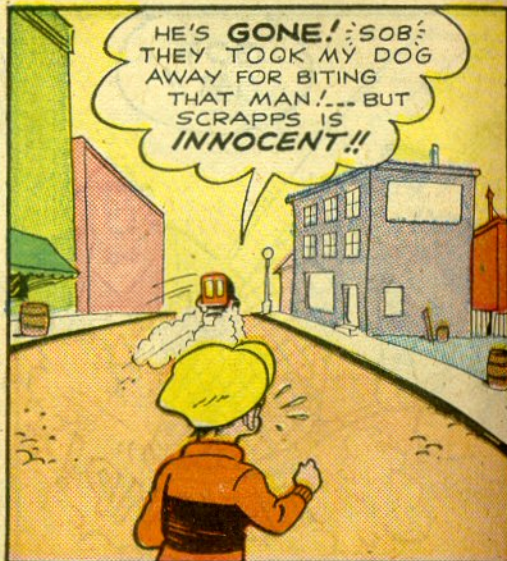
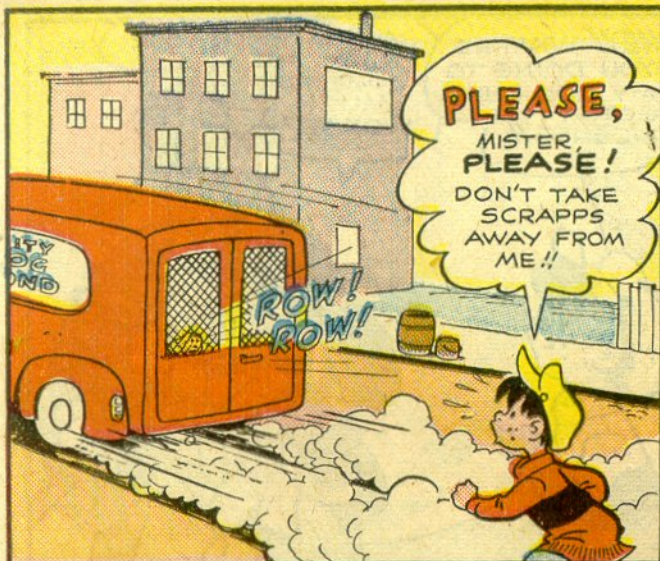
CATCHY

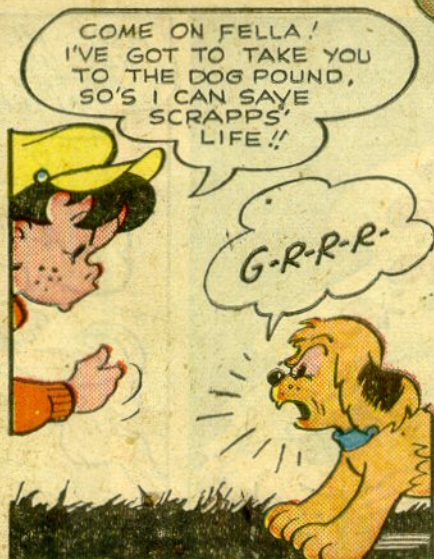
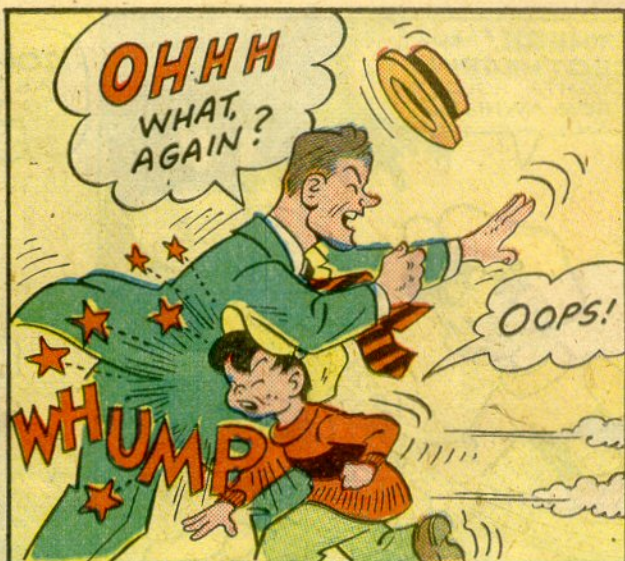
and

SCRAPPS











THERE! THAT CLOTHESPIN OUGHTA HOLD YA FOR AWHILE!!

G-R-R-R



COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO THE DOG POUND!!



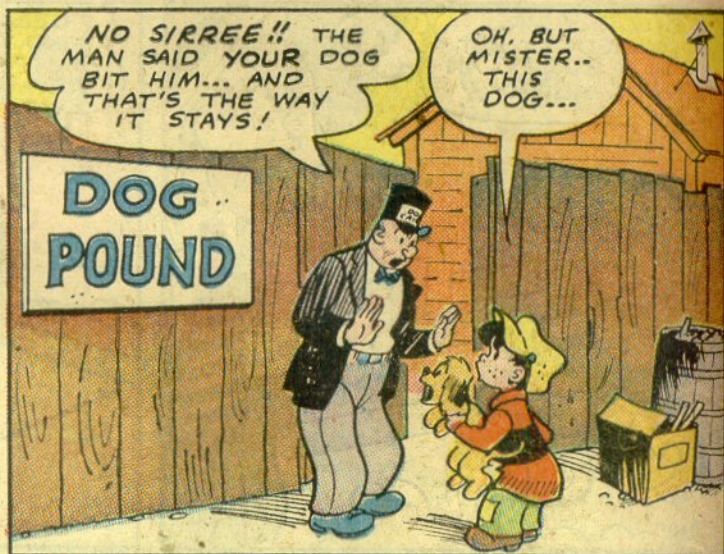
SOON...

HEY, MISTER! MY DOG SCRAPPY... HE'S STILL ALL RIGHT ISN'T HE?

YEAH, HE'S ALL RIGHT! HE'S IN THERE WITH THE OTHER MUTTS!



WELL, THEN YOU MUST LET HIM GO! HERE'S THE DOG THAT REALLY BIT THE MAN! HE EVEN TRIED TO BITE ME!



NO SIRREE!! THE MAN SAID YOUR DOG BIT HIM... AND THAT'S THE WAY IT STAYS!

OH, BUT MISTER.. THIS DOG...

DOG POUND



HEY, COME BACK HERE!!

G-R-R-R-R



HEY.. HE'S MAD!... HE.. HE MUSTA BITTEN THAT MAN AFTER ALL...

R-R-R..

YEEOWW!

**DURING THE CONFUSION, THE DOGS
RUSH OUT OF THE OPEN GATE
TO FREEDOM!**

**SCRAPPS!
SCRAPPS!
HERE
I AM!**

**DOG
POUND**

**HEY, YOU MUTTS
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED
TO ESCAPE... COME
BACK HERE!**

**DOG
POUND**

**GEE,
SCRAPPS.
I SURE
AM
GLAD
TO HAVE
YOU
BACK!**

**BROW!!
ROW!!**

LATE THAT NIGHT...

**HERE COMES THE
DOG CATCHER...
GOLLY, HE SURE
LOOKS TIRED!**


**DOG
POUND**

**HMPH! THEY ALL
ESCAPED! BUT I
CAUGHT THIS MUTT
ANYWAY!**

**TEE
HEE!**

**THE
END**

TURKEY TALK



GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE!" Raymond looked down at this queer creature that was making all the funny noises. "Who are you and what are you trying to say?" he asked. "I never heard such funny noises in all my life."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said the creature. "All your life, indeed! Why, that has been only *three* years. That's all your life has been. And what could you learn in only three years, anyhow? Why, you don't even know who I am."

"No, I don't, and I don't know that I care either," said Raymond. "—now that I know how rude you are."

"Rude! Rude, indeed! Why, just listen to him! You don't even know what the word means."

"I do too," said Raymond. "It means, it means . . ."

"It means that you are the one that is really rude," said the creature. "—calling the way I talk a *funny noise*. Why, I'm a turkey and *all* turkeys talk this way."


"Oh, are *you* a turkey?" asked Raymond. "You're the first one I've ever seen! What are you doing here, anyway?"

"See," said the turkey. "you aren't half as smart as you think you are. Don't you know what day it is? Don't you know that this is the day before Thanksgiving Day. That's what it is! It's the day a lot of us turkeys come down here on earth to help you celebrate."

"Down here? Why, where do you come from?" asked Raymond.

"I come from a place called Turkey Land. All of us turkeys live there a certain number of years and then it is our turn to go down to the earth for Thanksgiving. You know that everyone is put into this world to serve a purpose. And we turkeys are here just for Thanksgiving Day."





And then the turkey went on to explain how only the oldest turkeys went down each year. And nobody minded at all, because each one knew when his turn was coming. Only, something had happened this year. One of the older turkeys was missing and so Raymond's friend, the turkey, had to take his place. This meant that he had to come down to the earth a whole year before his time. And he wasn't really ready to do so. He didn't even have time to say good-bye to all his friends in Turkey Land.

"That's a shame," said Raymond. "Your life up there was a whole year shorter than it should have been. It really wasn't fair at all."

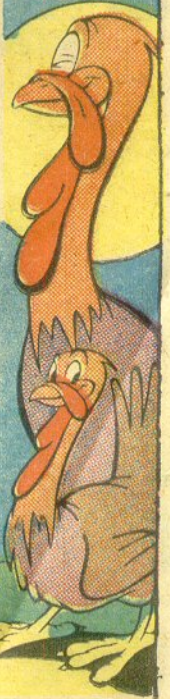
"No, it wasn't," admitted the turkey. "And the queerest thing of all is that no one knows what happened to the turkey whose place I took."

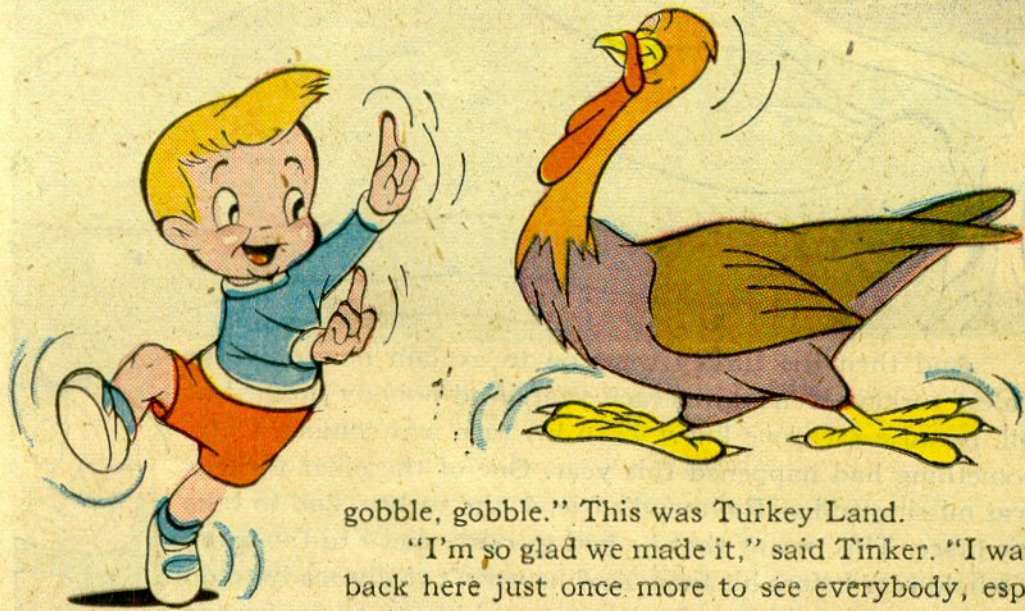
Raymond offered to help the turkey find him. "Then," said Raymond, "you could stay up in Turkey Land another year."

"All right!" said the turkey. "let's both go up to Turkey Land. But we'll have to hurry back so that I'll be here in the morning in time for Thanksgiving Day. By the way, my name is Tinker Turkey. What's yours?"

"Oh, I'm Raymond, and I'm sorry that I was so rude to you and made fun of the way you said, 'Gobble, Gobble.' Let's hurry now. We can't waste any time."

And Raymond hopped on Tinker Turkey's back and up and up they flew, way up into the sky, until finally they landed on a big white cloud. And there were hundreds and hundreds of turkeys walking, sleeping, eating and saying "Gobble,





gobble, gobble." This was Turkey Land.

"I'm so glad we made it," said Tinker. "I wanted to come back here just once more to see everybody, especially those I didn't say good-bye to. And there's one of them now. That's my friend, Trotta Turkey, coming this way. He's a very famous dancer. I'll ask him to teach you that wonderful dance, the Turkey Trot."

And before Raymond knew it, he was dancing the Turkey Trot with Trotta. They danced and danced for such a long time that Raymond got very tired and begged to sit down so that he could rest. Trotta led him over to a big hill and told him to sit there on top of it for a while until Tinker Turkey came to call for him. While he was sitting there, Raymond decided to slide down the other side of the hill, just to see what was there. "It'll only take a minute," he thought, "and then I'll go back to my friends." So he slid down the other side of the hill just as if it were a sliding pond. "Wisshhh-Woooo-ssshhh-Wisshhh!" he went and landed right on something very soft. It felt just exactly like a feather bed. But when Raymond looked at it again, he was surprised to discover that it was a turkey!

"Why, what are you doing here?" he asked. "Why are you sitting here all by yourself instead of playing with the other turkeys?"

The turkey hung its head and didn't say a word.

"Come on now, and tell me," coaxed Raymond. "What are you doing here?"

But still the turkey didn't answer. Finally Raymond started to shake the turkey very gently. And then the turkey started to cry. "I'm hiding here away from everybody else,"

he said, "because I cheated. I was supposed to go down to the earth for this Thanksgiving. It was really my turn. I didn't want to go, though, so I came here to hide instead. Then Tinker Turkey had to go in my place. But now I don't know what to do. I can't go back or everybody will know that I ran away. And I can't stay here because I'm lonesome."

"Oh!" said Raymond, petting the turkey. "I feel sorry for you. Tinker told me that he had to go down to the earth a year ahead of his time. He also told me that every person is in the world for a reason. And that you live and play here all the time so that you can go down to the earth to help us celebrate Thanksgiving Day when your turn comes. Come, let's find Tinker and tell him that you changed your mind and that you are going back with me."

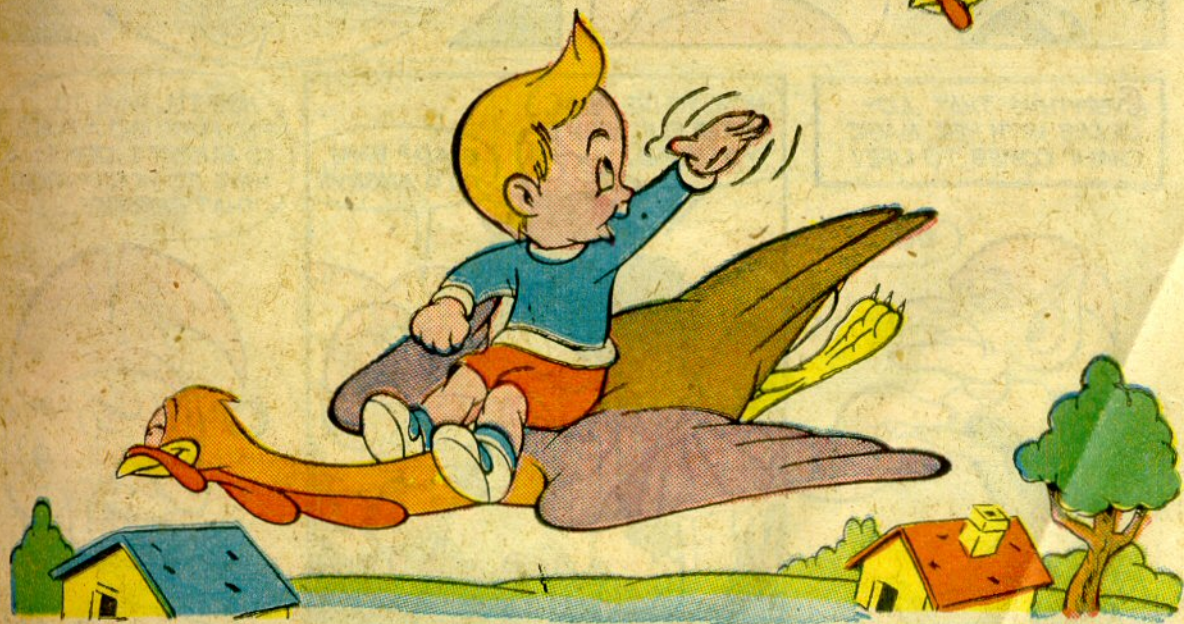
"What," said the turkey, "do you mean that Tinker is back up here?"

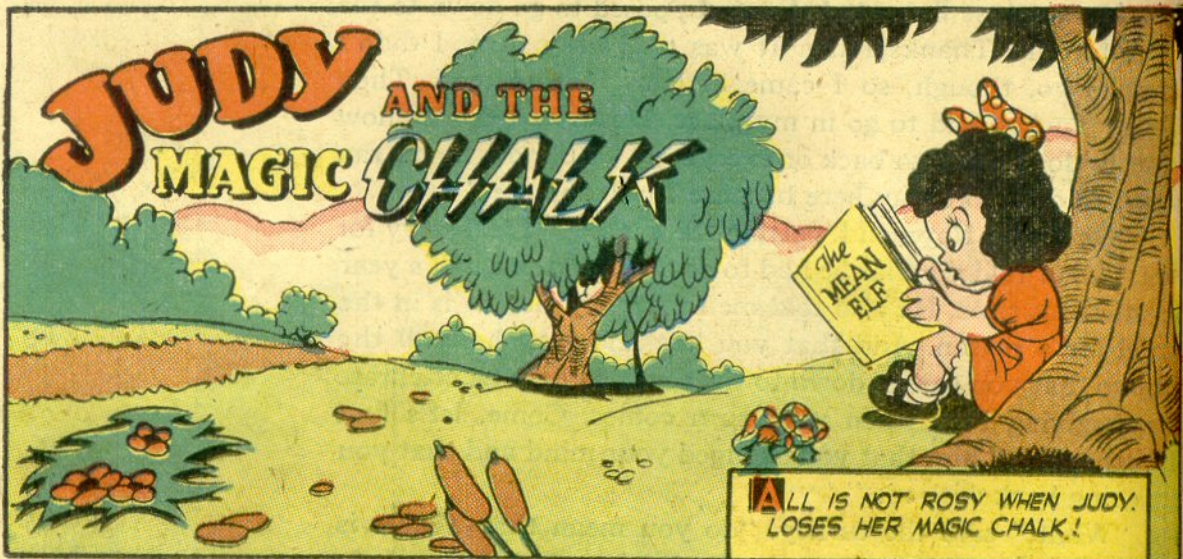
"Yes," said Raymond. "He just came for a short visit to show me Turkey Land and also to find you and then we were to go right back. But now you can go back instead."

So the turkey and Raymond went over the hill to the other side where they found Tinker and Trotta looking very worried because they had missed Raymond. And Raymond told Tinker that he could stay in Turkey Land for another year because he had found the turkey that was missing.

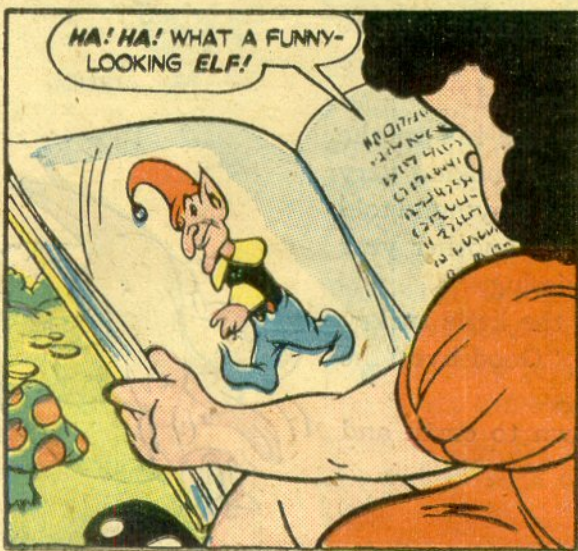
Then Raymond jumped on the back of the little turkey and waved good-bye to Trotta and Tinker. "Good-bye," he called, "I'll see you next year."

And down he and the turkey went, down to earth and home, just in time for Thanksgiving Day.





ALL IS NOT ROSY WHEN JUDY LOSES HER MAGIC CHALK!



HA! HA! WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKING ELF!



I KNOW! I'LL DRAW THE ELF WITH MY MAGIC CHALK! THEN HE'LL BE REAL!

EVERYTHING THAT JUDY DRAWS WITH HER MAGIC CHALK COMES TO LIFE!



THERE!

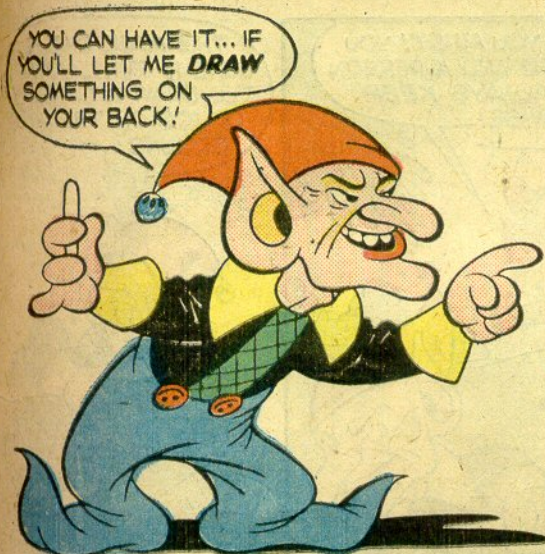


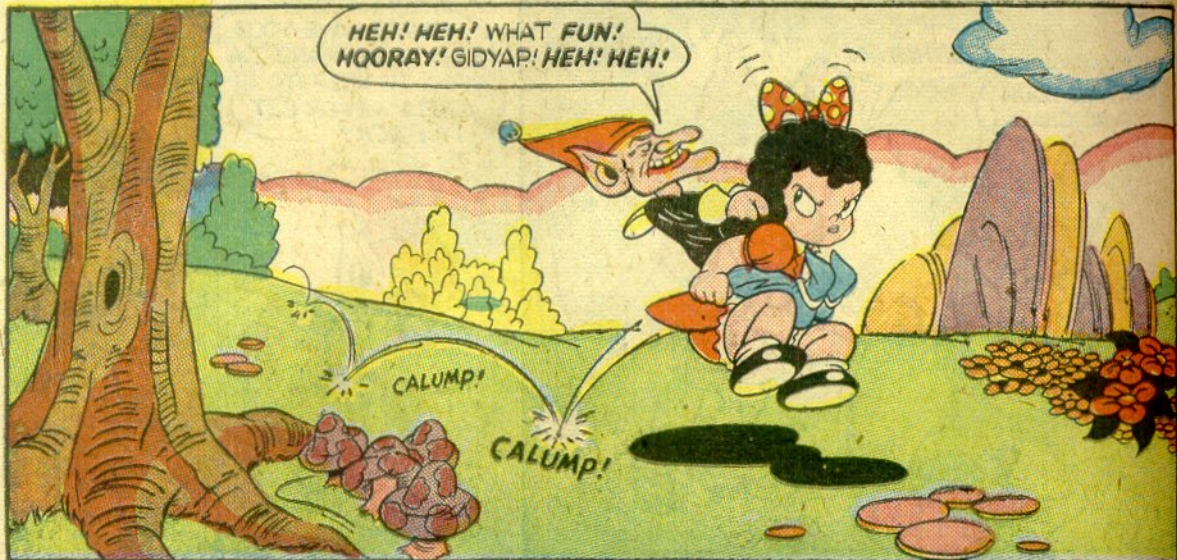
NOW, YOU'RE REAL, MISTER ELF! AREN'T YOU GLAD?

GLAD? BAH! I'M ANGRY!!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIND FOOD AND A PLACE TO SLEEP! I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT BEFORE!

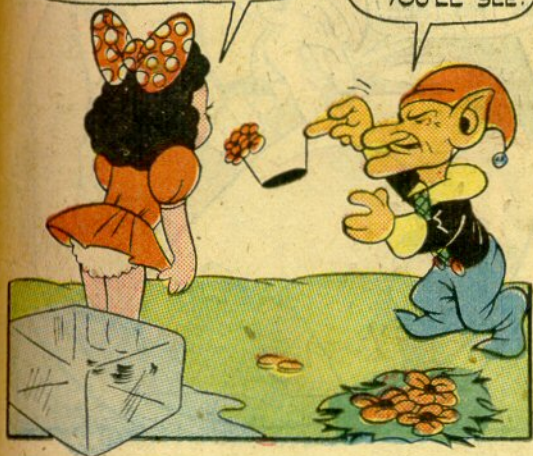






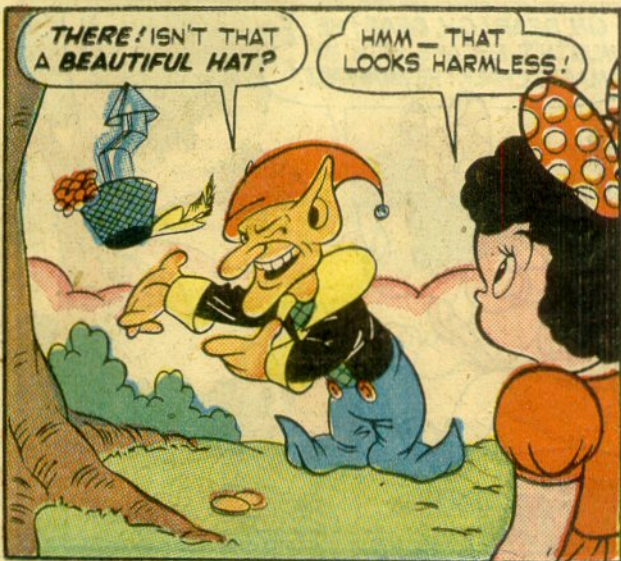
BUT THE CHALK CAN
BE DANGEROUS...WHAT
ARE YOU DRAWING **NOW?**

YOU'LL SEE!
YOU'LL SEE!



THERE! ISN'T THAT
A **BEAUTIFUL HAT?**

HMM... THAT
LOOKS HARMLESS!



HA! HA! I NEVER SAW SUCH A
SILLY LOOKING HAT IN ALL MY
LIFE! I'M GLAD
I DON'T
HAVE TO
WEAR IT!



YES, YOU DO! IF YOU WANT
YOUR MAGIC CHALK, YOU
MUST WEAR THIS HAT!

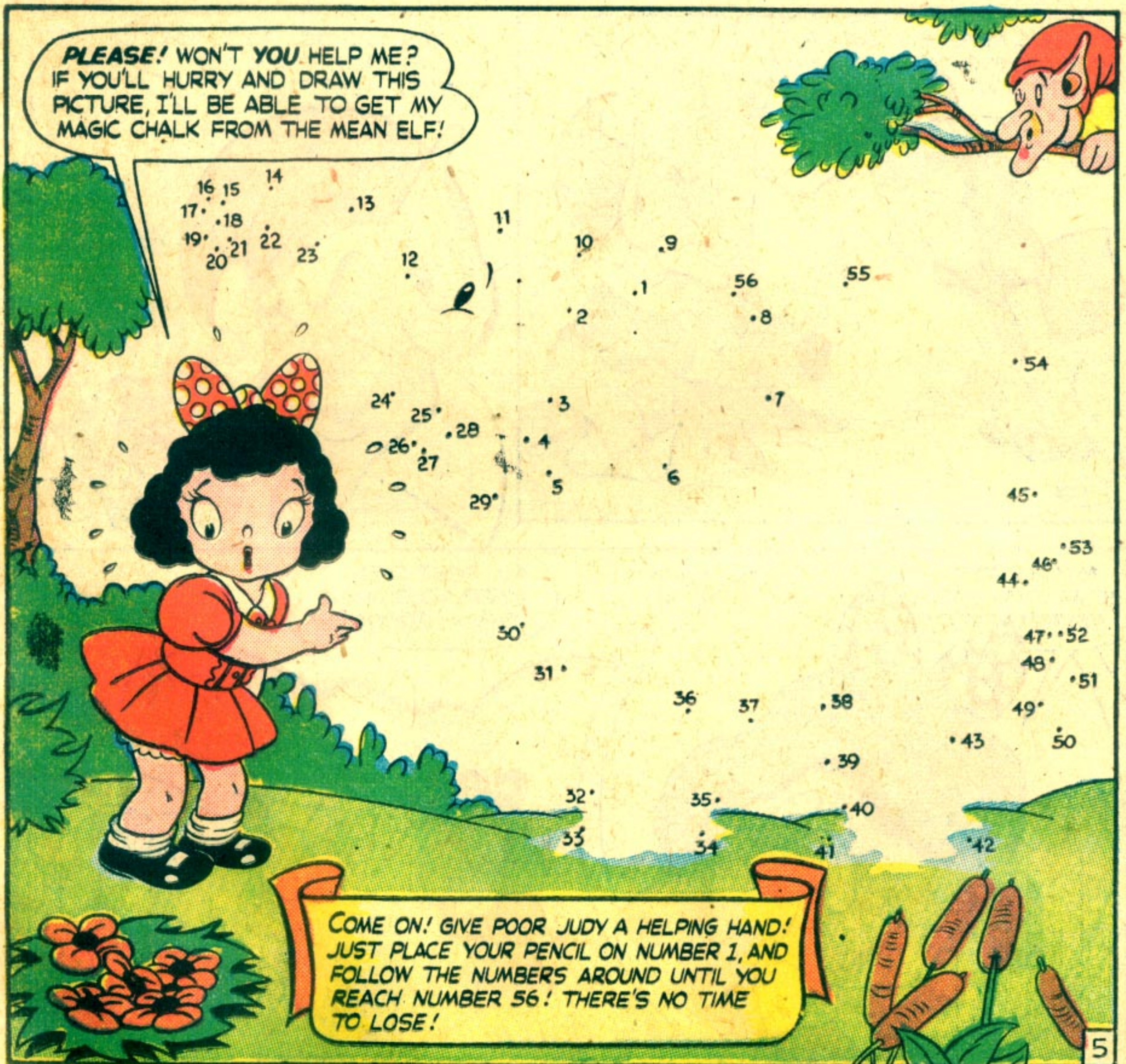
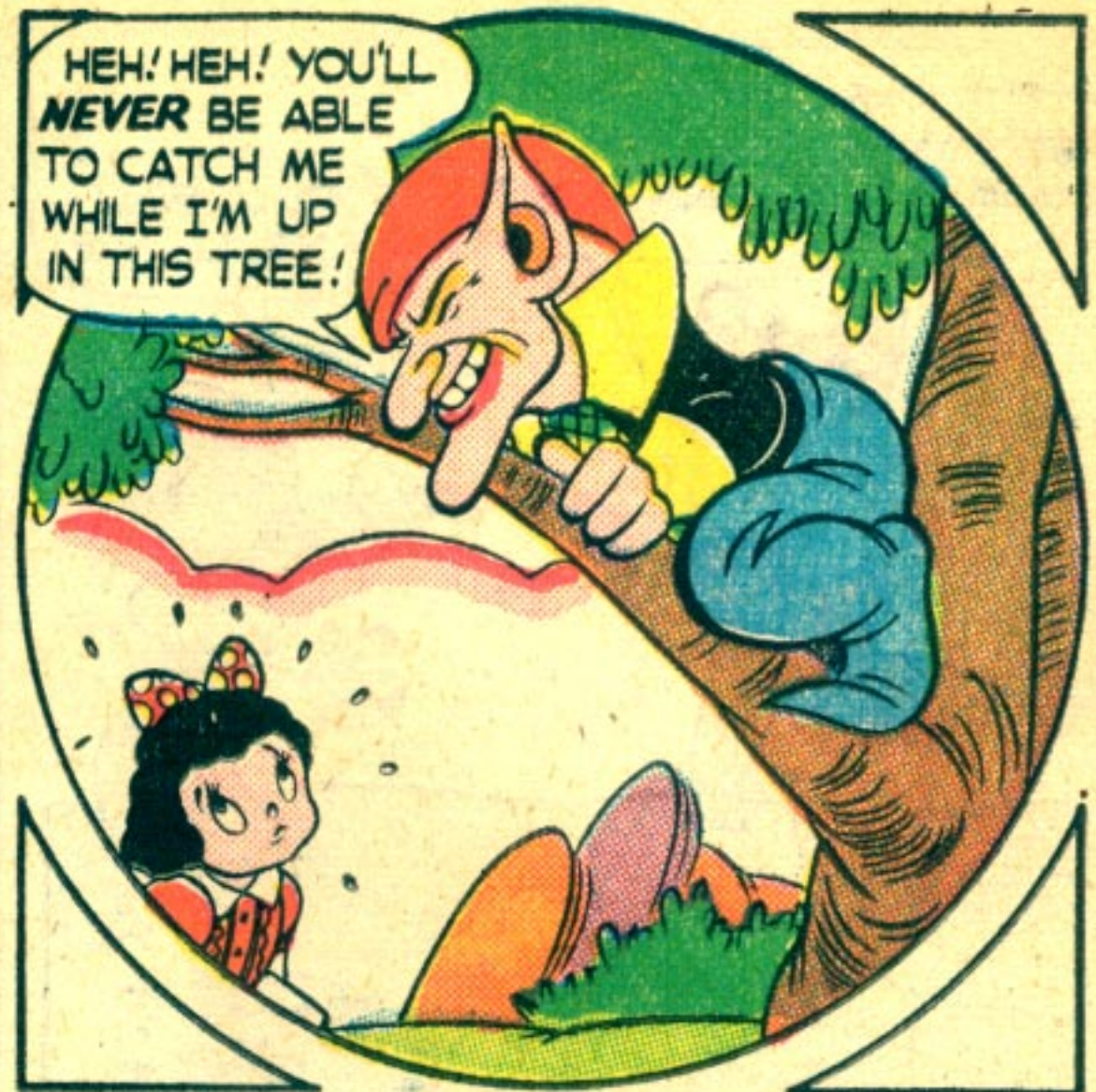


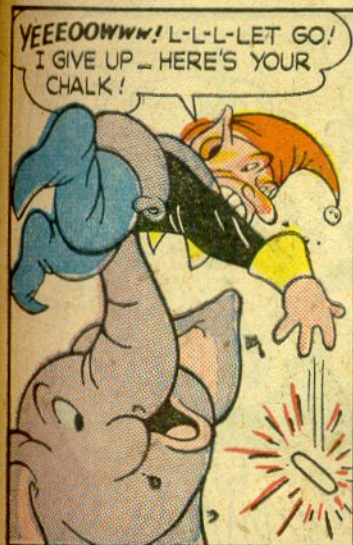
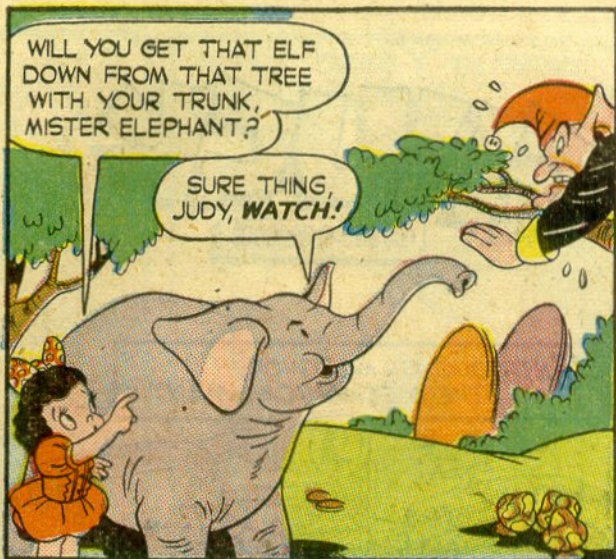
**NO! I'LL NEVER
WEAR THAT HAT!
NEVER! NEVER!**



ALL RIGHT, THEN...I'LL
**KEEP YOUR MAGIC
CHALK! GOODBYE!**





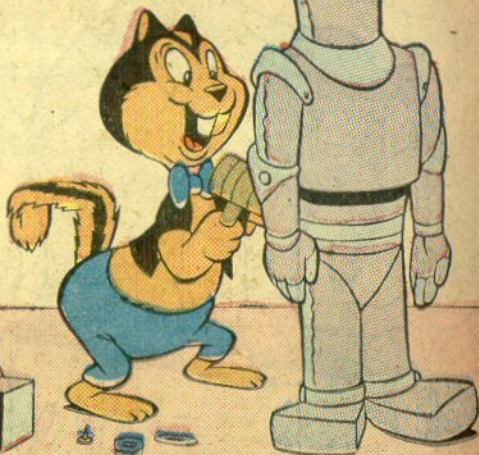


CHUCK

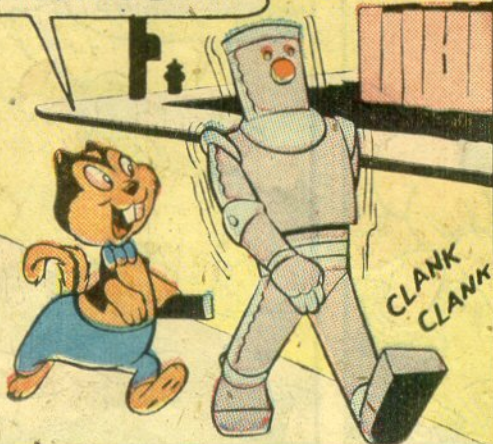
CHIPMUNK

INTRODUCING - MORTIMOR,
THE MECHANICAL MAN!

CLANK
CLANK



OH, BOY! WAIT 'TIL CHICI SEES
MY LATEST INVENTION - MORTIMOR,
THE MECHANICAL MAN!



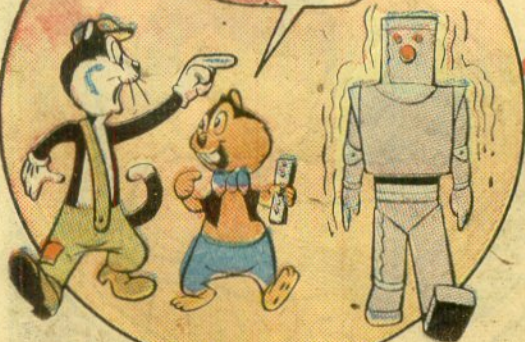
WELL, IF IT ISN'T
MY OLD FRIEND,
CHUCK CHIPMUNK!

OUCH!



WHAT'S THAT?
IS HE REAL?

OF COURSE NOT!
HE'S A MECHANICAL
MAN! I JUST PRESS
ONE OF THESE BUTTONS
AND HE DOES ANYTHING
I WANT!

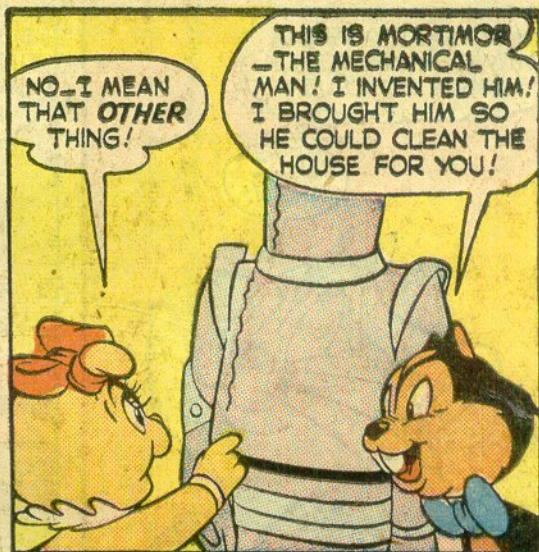
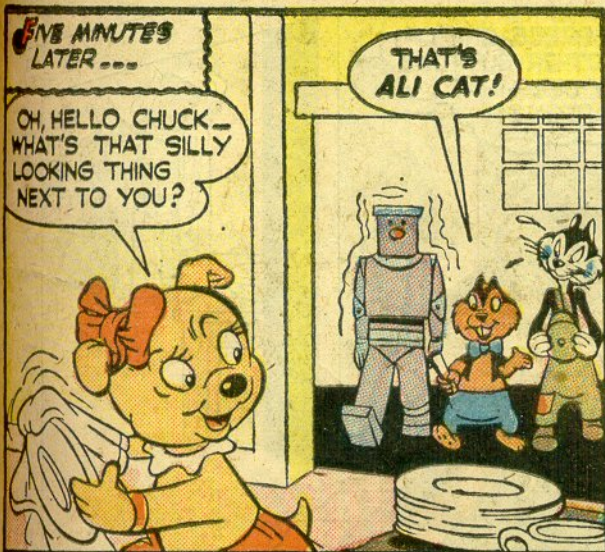
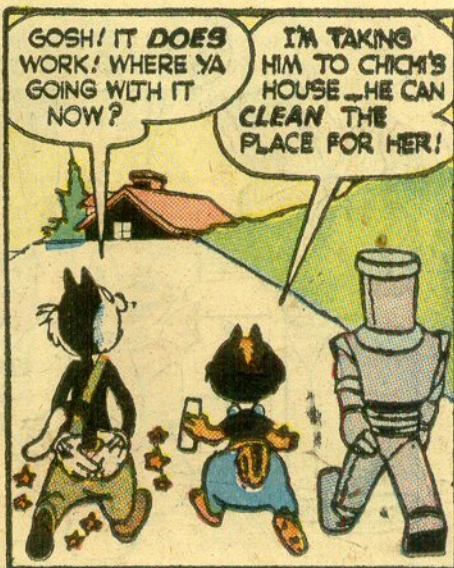
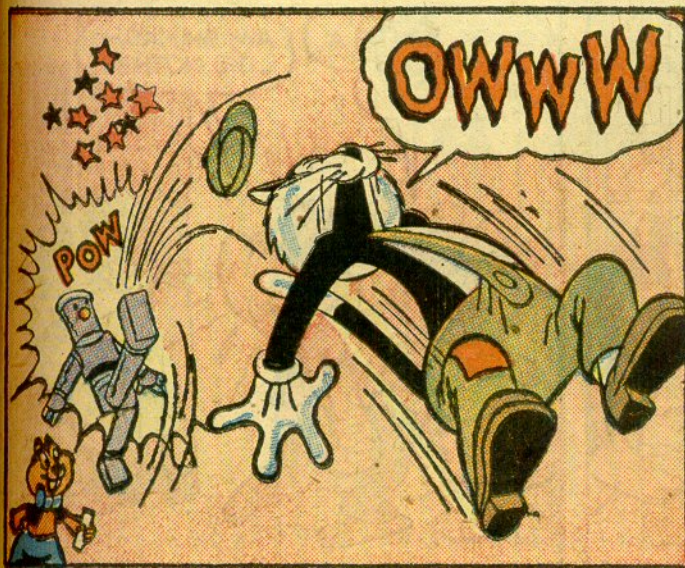


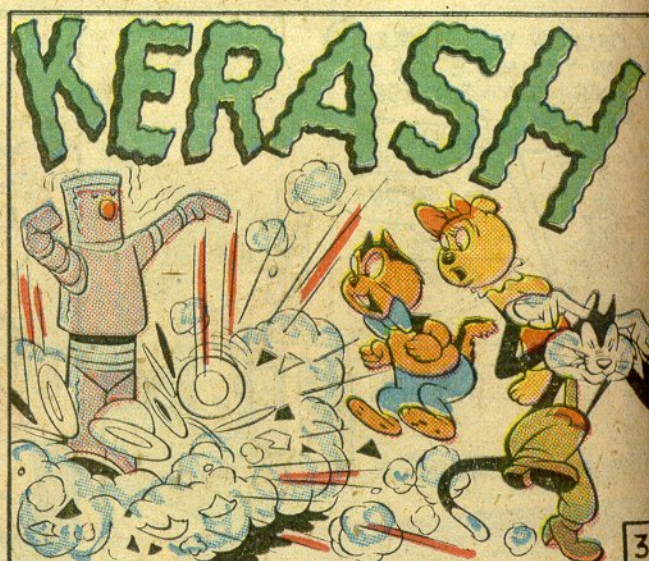
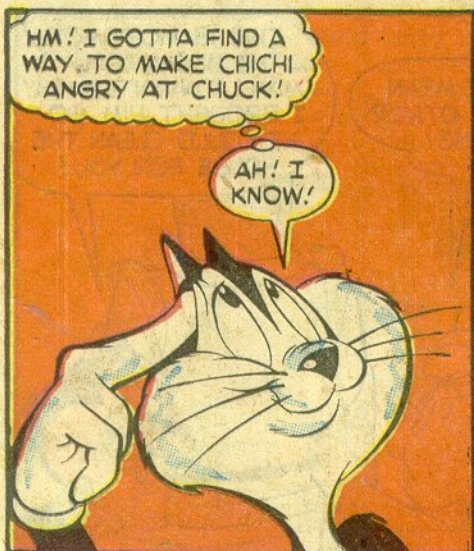
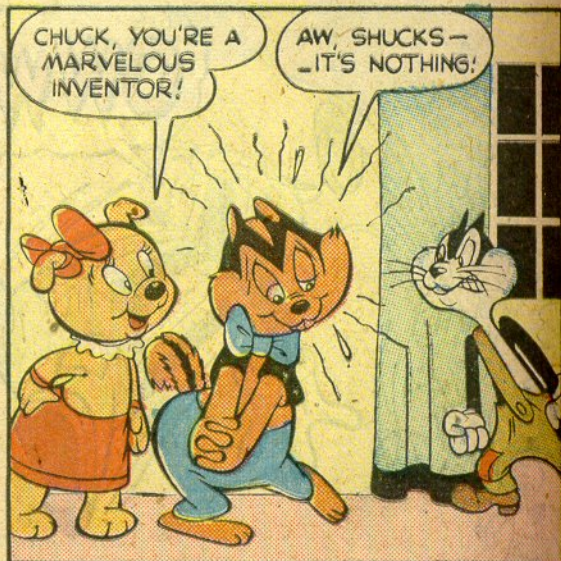
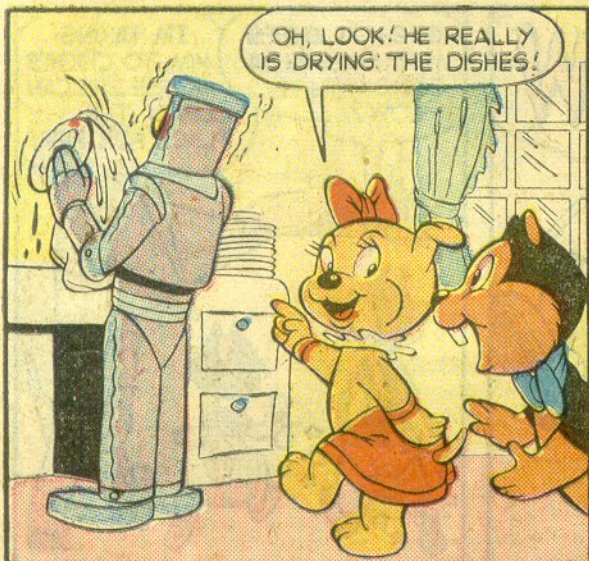
AW! I DON'T
BELIEVE IT! PROVE
IT! MAKE HIM KICK
ME IN THE PANTS!

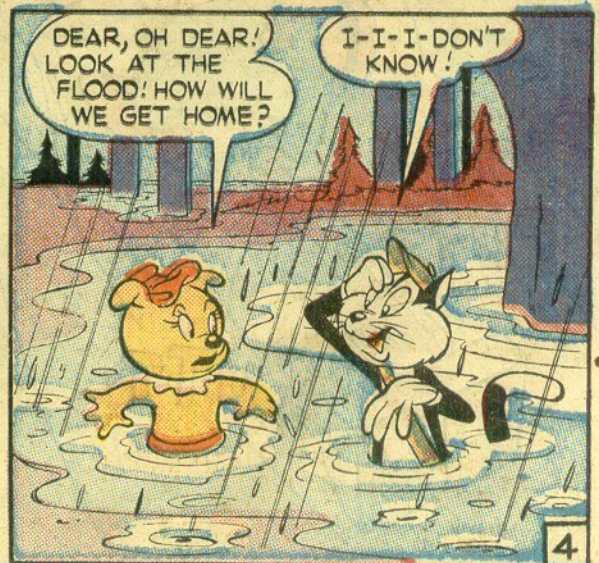
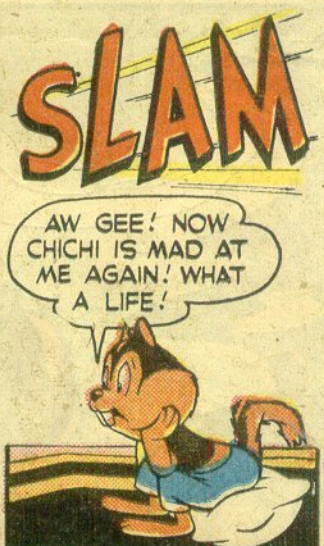
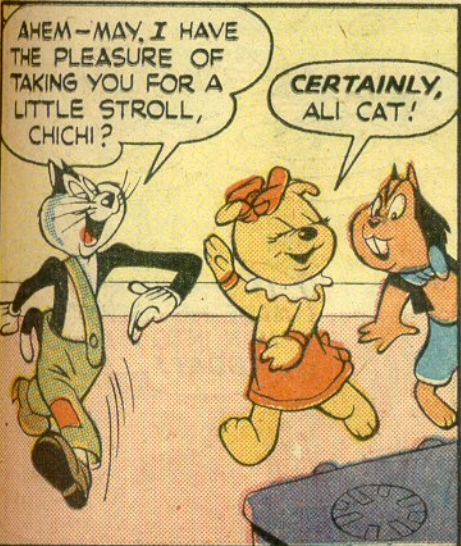


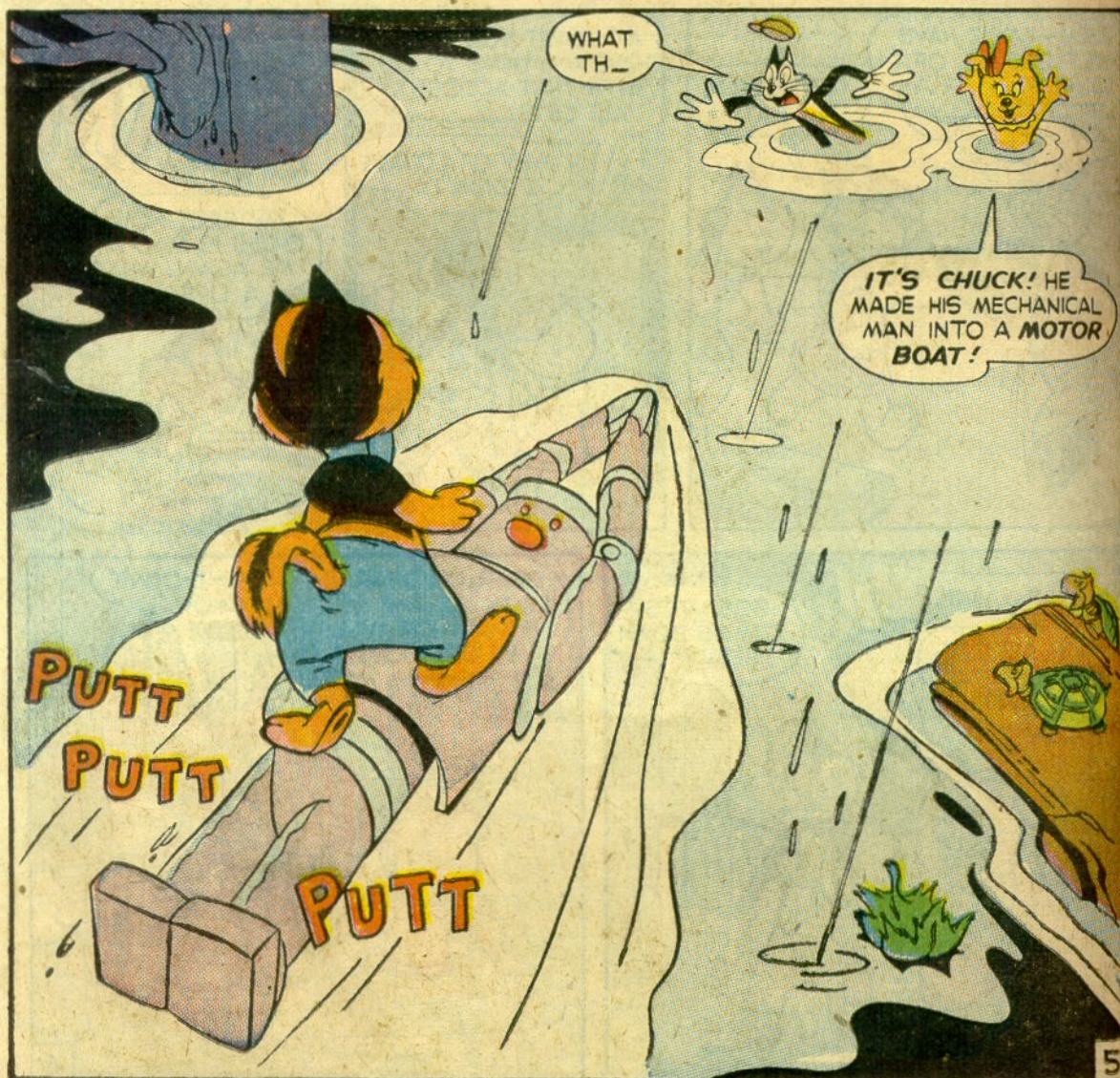
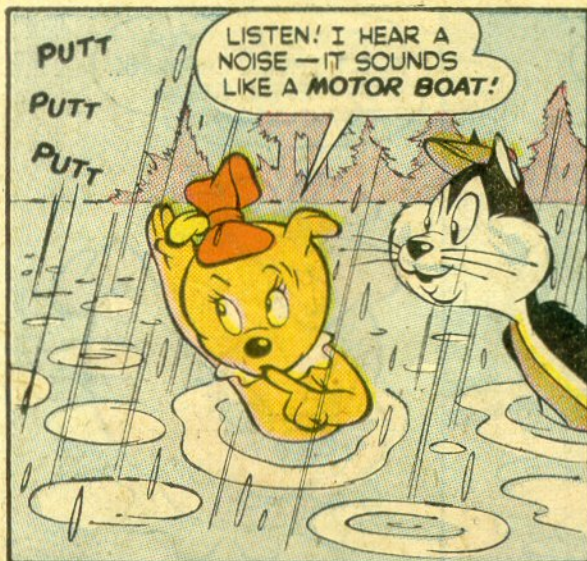
OKAY! — YOU
ASKED FOR IT!

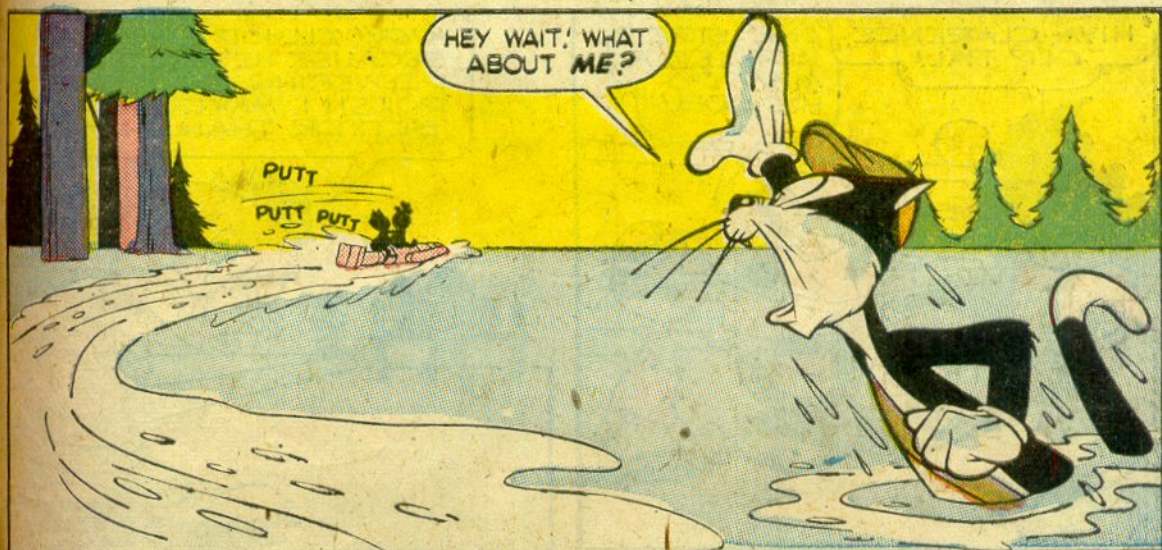












SPANKY

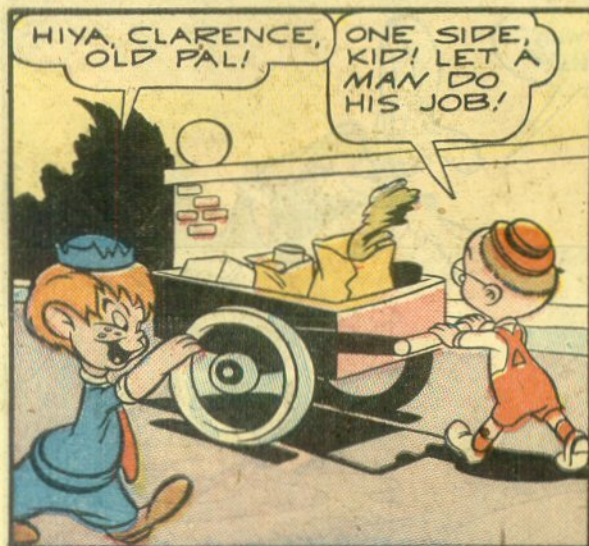
HE TOLD ME
TO MAKE
HORSERADISH!

GROCERY



HIYA, CLARENCE,
OLD PAL!

ONE SIDE,
KID! LET A
MAN DO
HIS JOB!



KID!! I'LL KID HIM!! JUST
BECAUSE HE'S GOT A JOB
DELIVERING GROCERIES
DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY
BETTER THAN ME!



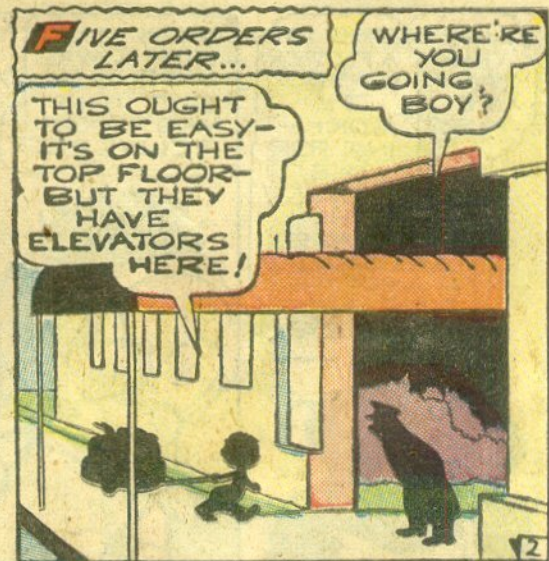
I'LL JUST BORROW THIS FROM
MY MOTHER-AND GIVE
CLARENCE SOME
COMPETITION!

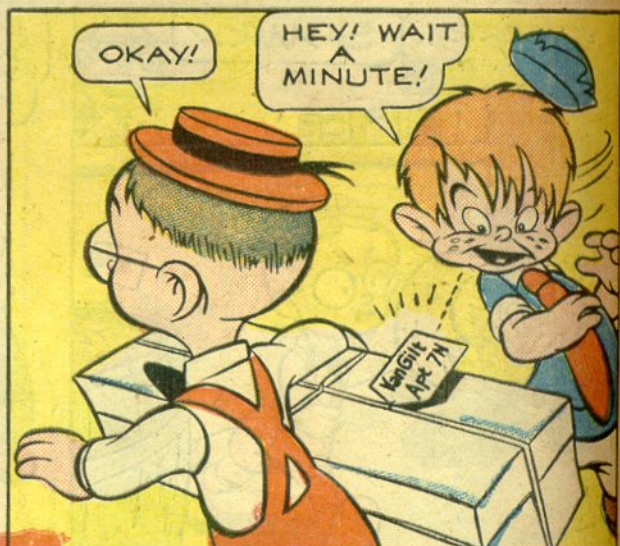
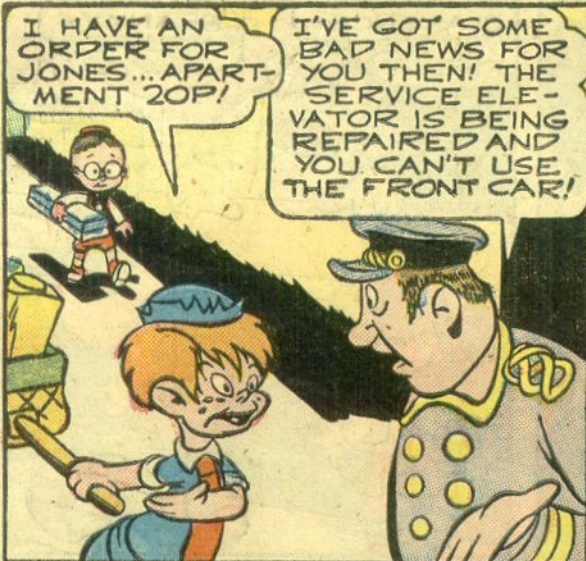


DO YOU NEED
A DELIVERY
BOY, MR.
BINKS?

I HAVE ONE,
SPANKY-AND
HE'S ENOUGH
FOR MY STORE!





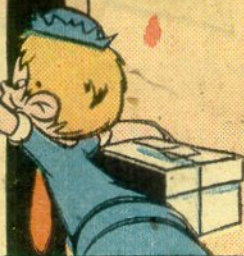


HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER
BE AS SMART AS ME!
THIS IS GOING TO
THE RICHEST
PEOPLE IN TOWN!



I OUGHTA GET A BIG
TIP HERE-ENOUGH TO
PAY OFF CLARENCE AND
STILL HAVE ENOUGH
FOR MYSELF!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



THANK YOU VERY
MUCH, YOUNG
MAN! GOOD
DAY!

EH?
NO TIP?



NO WONDER
THEY'RE RICH!

I DELIVERED
THE ORDER,
SPANKY!

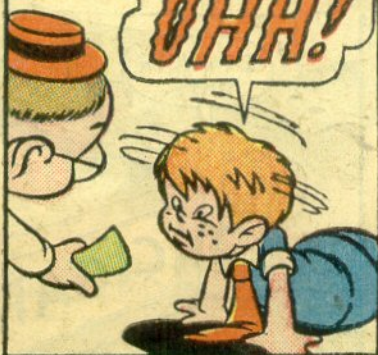
BANG!



AND I GOT AN
EXTRA DOLLAR
FOR WALKING
UP THE STAIRS!

WHAT?

OHH!



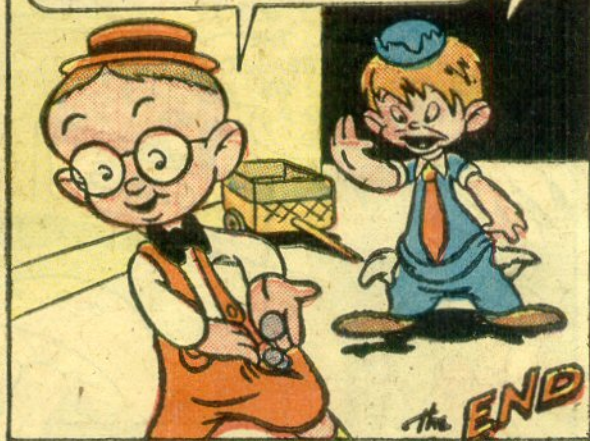
NOW PAY UP!

THIS'LL BREAK
ME! I WORKED
THE WHOLE
DAY FOR
NOTHING!



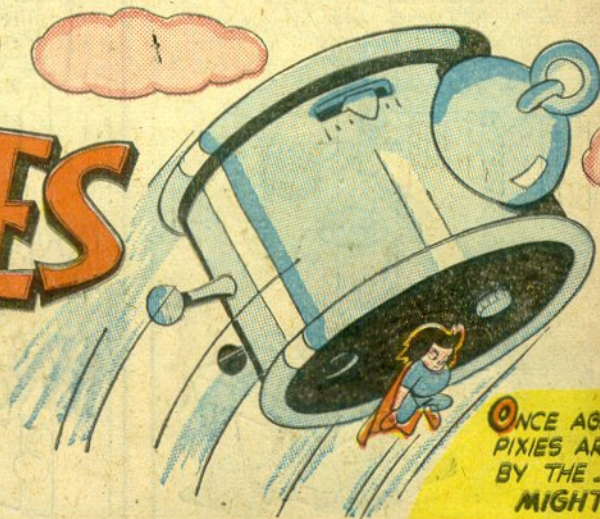
I HOPE YOU'VE HAD
YOUR LESSON, SPANKY!
YOU GOT WHAT YOU
ASKED FOR-NOTHING!

AW!
SHUT
UP!



the **END**

TRIXIE PIXIES



ONCE AGAIN, THE
PIXIES ARE HELPED
BY THE ---
MIGHTY ATOM!

**PETE AND POLLY PIXIE ARE VISITING
THE NEW SWIMMING POOL ---**

GOSH! LOOK, PETE! THESE
KIDS AREN'T EVEN USING
THE NEW SWIMMING POOL!

I WONDER
WHY?!

CIGARS

PIXERARY
SWIMMING
POOL

WHY AREN'T YOU
BOYS IN SWIMMING?

BECAUSE THERE'S
NO DIVING BOARD!
WE CAN'T DIVE
INTO THE WATER!

SURE! WHAT
GOOD IS A POOL
WITHOUT A
DIVING BOARD?

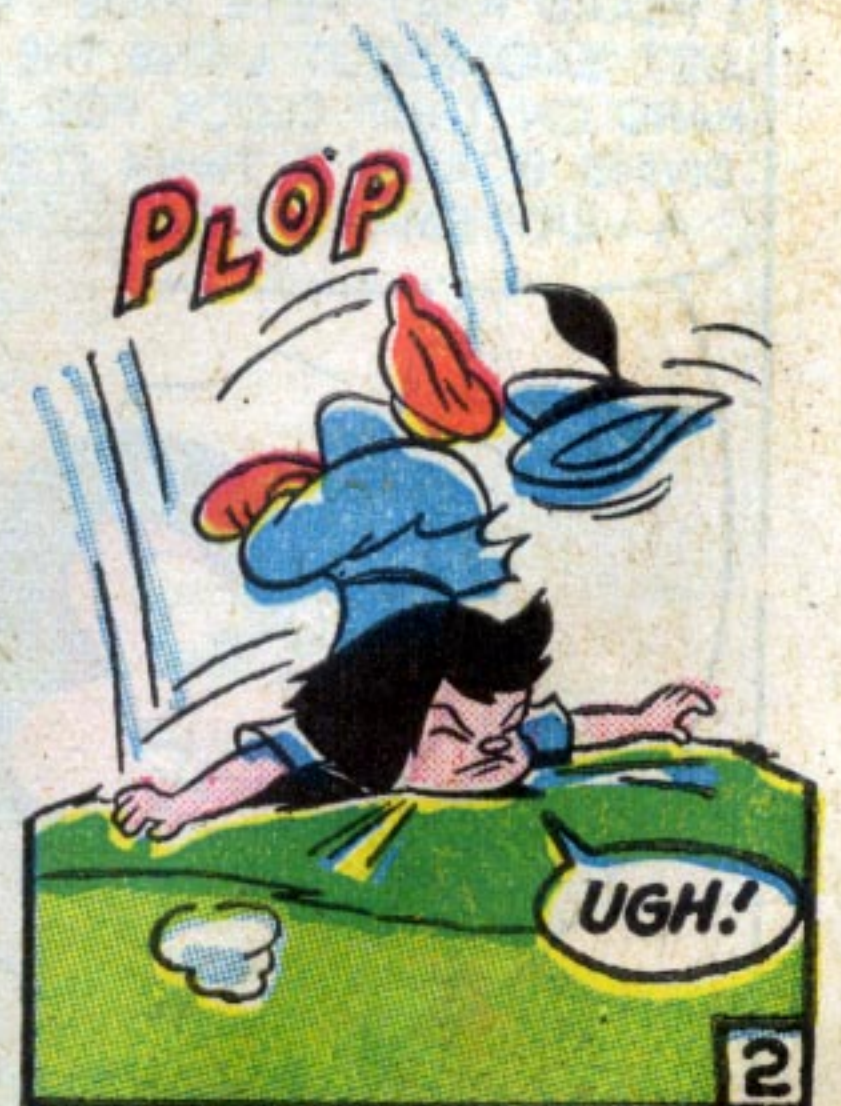
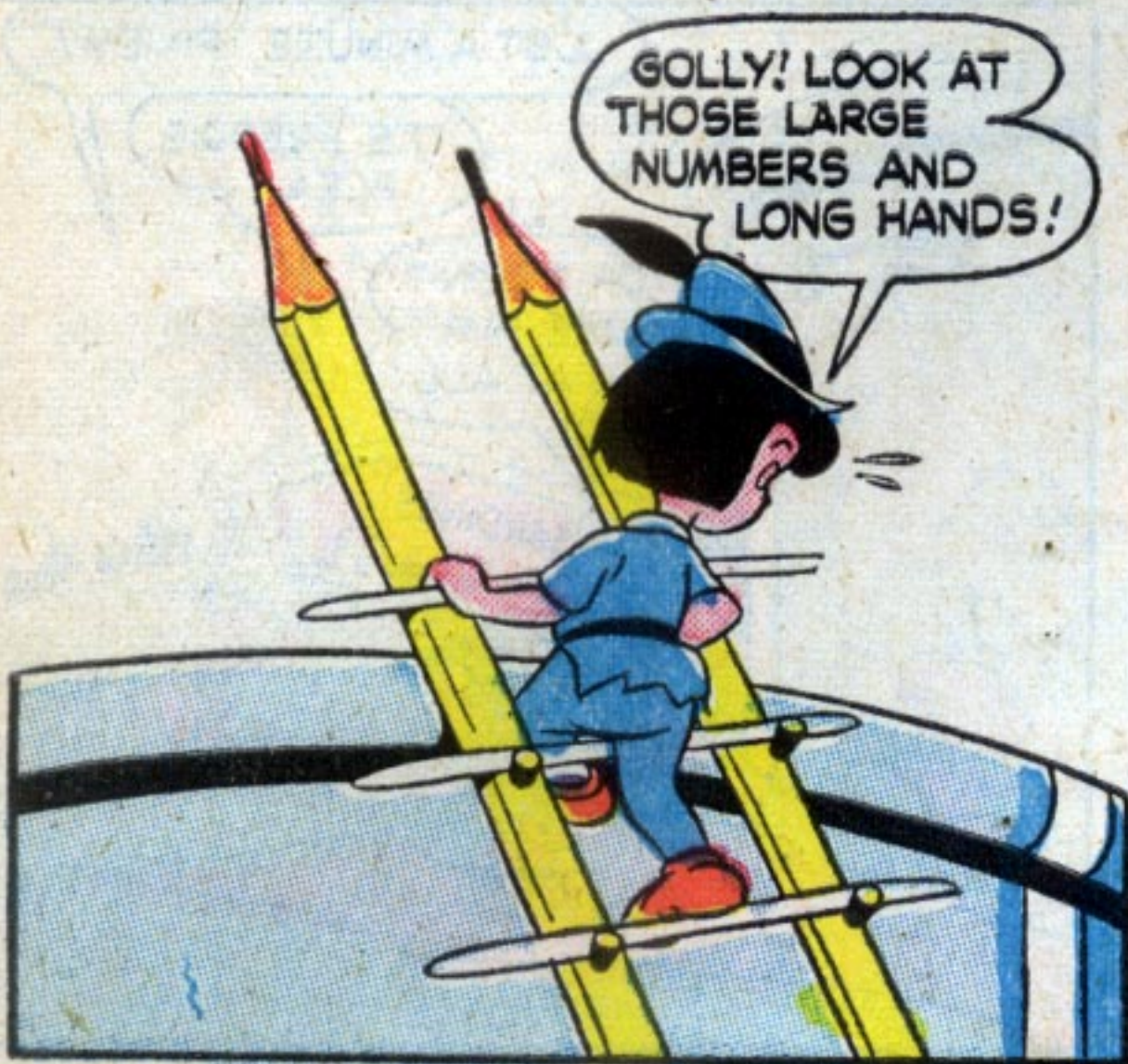
THEY'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT,
PETE! THEY **SHOULD** HAVE
A DIVING BOARD!

I KNOW, POLLY, BUT
WE SPENT ALL THE
MONEY IN THE TREASURY
FOR THE POOL! WE
CAN'T AFFORD A
DIVING BOARD!

CIGARS

PIXERARY
SWIMMING
POOL

**POLLY!
LOOK!**





HA HA! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW!

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!



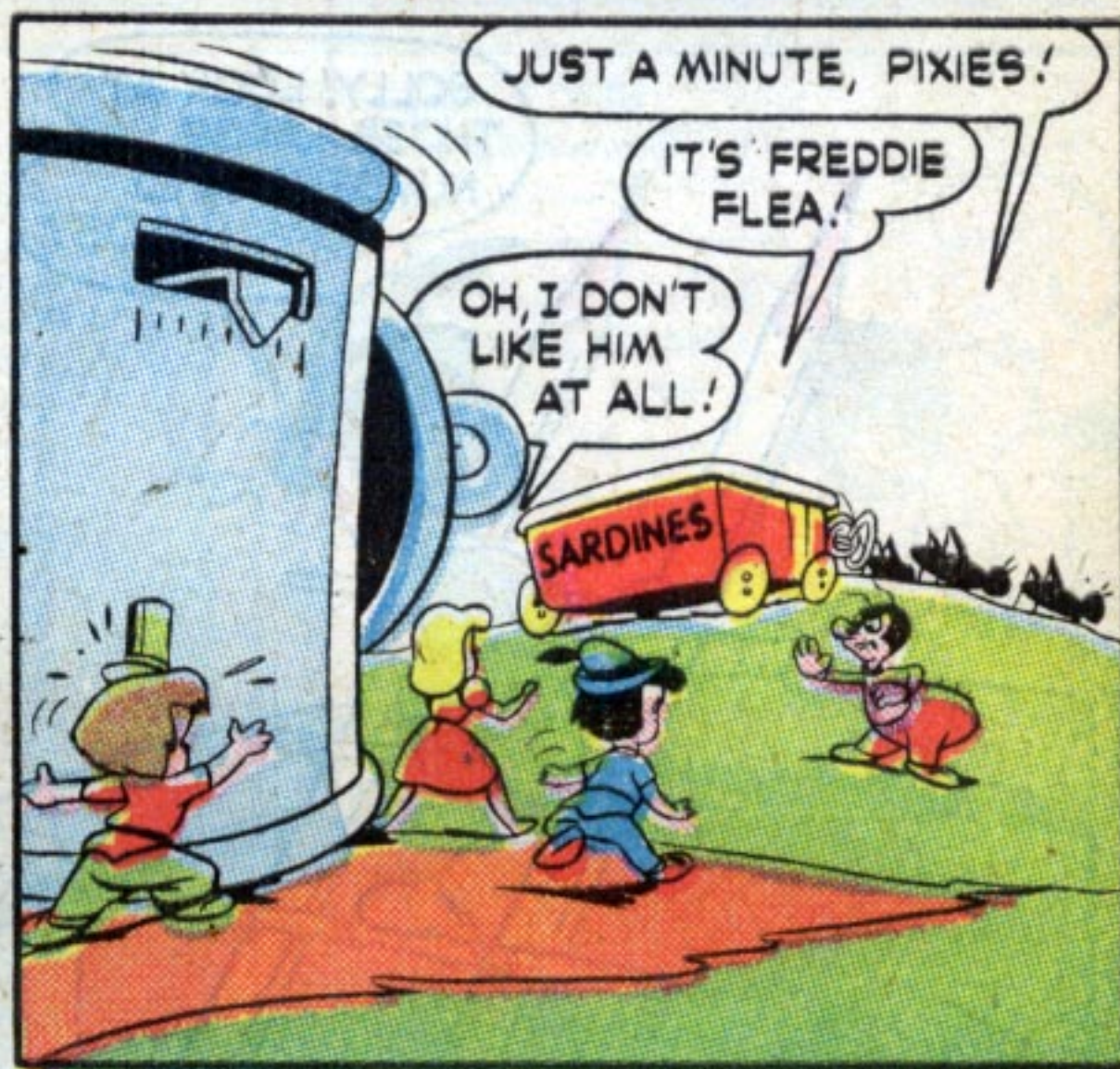
WHY CAN'T WE USE THE HAND ON THAT CLOCK FOR A DIVING BOARD!



A WONDERFUL IDEA!

GREAT! COME ON FELLOWS, LET'S PUSH THIS CLOCK TOWARD THE SWIMMING POOL!

UGH!



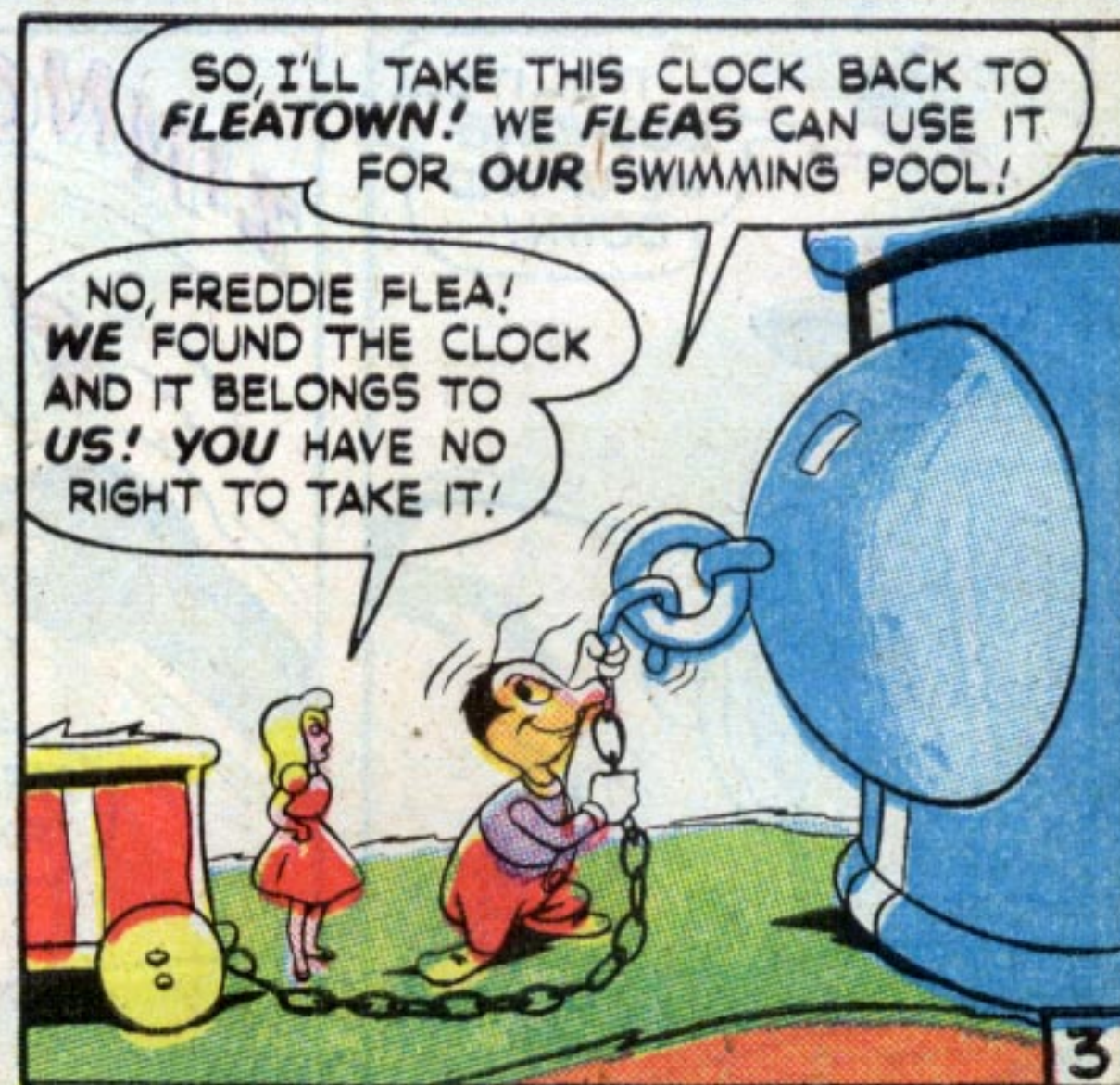
JUST A MINUTE, PIXIES!

IT'S FREDDIE FLEA!

OH, I DON'T LIKE HIM AT ALL!



I HEARD WHAT PETE PIXIE JUST SAID ABOUT USING THE HAND ON THAT CLOCK FOR A DIVING BOARD! I THINK IT'S A VERY SMART IDEA!



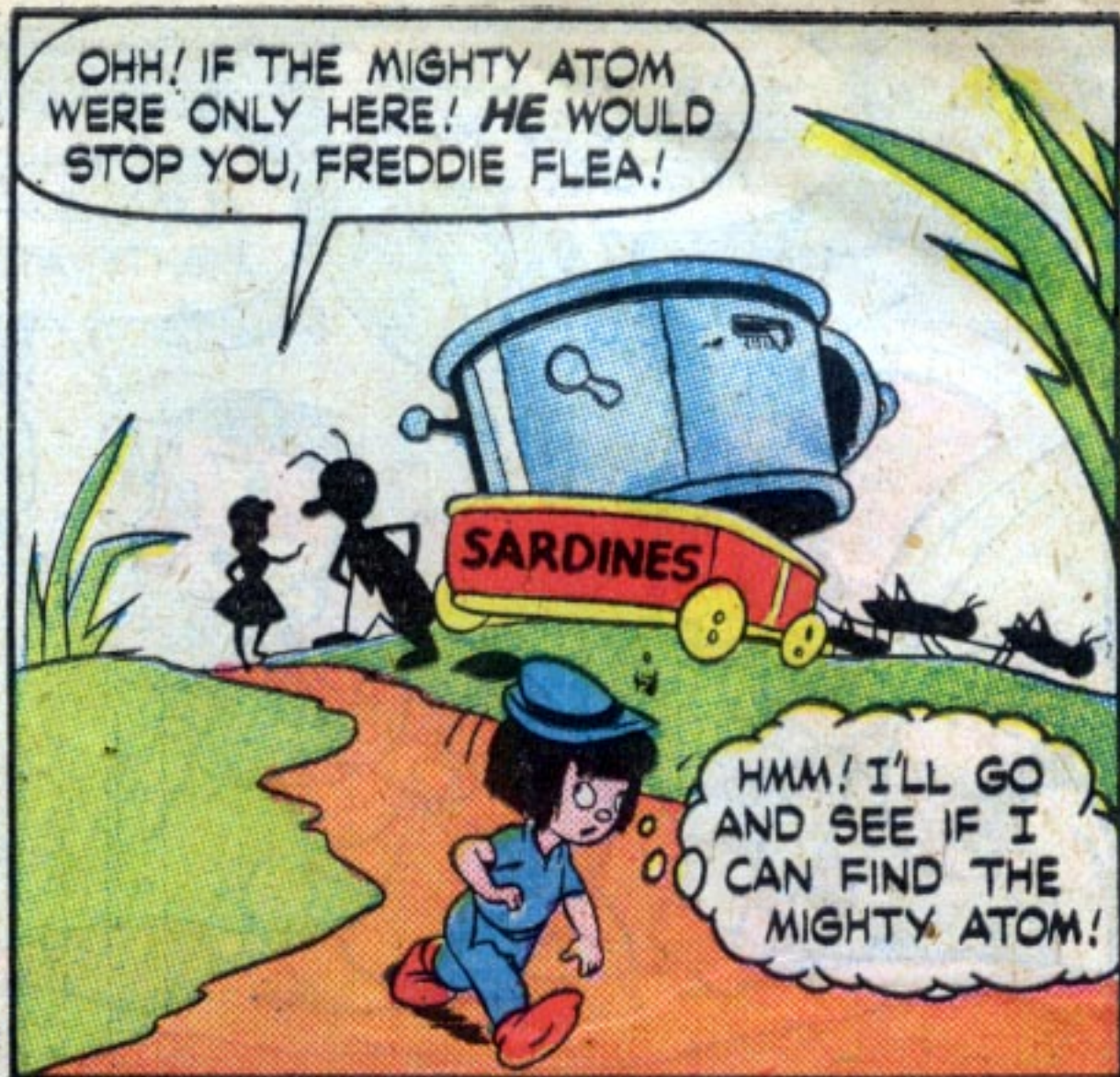
SO, I'LL TAKE THIS CLOCK BACK TO FLEATOWN! WE FLEAS CAN USE IT FOR OUR SWIMMING POOL!

NO, FREDDIE FLEA! WE FOUND THE CLOCK AND IT BELONGS TO US! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE IT!

HA HA! I KNOW IT'S YOURS!
BUT WHO IS GOING TO STOP
ME FROM TAKING IT? HA HA!



OHH! IF THE MIGHTY ATOM
WERE ONLY HERE! HE WOULD
STOP YOU, FREDDIE FLEA!



NOBODY CAN SEE
ME NOW! I'LL
CHANGE INTO THE
MIGHTY ATOM AND
STOP THAT
FREDDIE FLEA!



PETE PIXIE CAN BECOME
THE MIGHTY ATOM WHENEVER
HE WANTS TO...

PETE SAYS THE MAGIC
WORDS, WHICH ONLY HE
KNOWS...

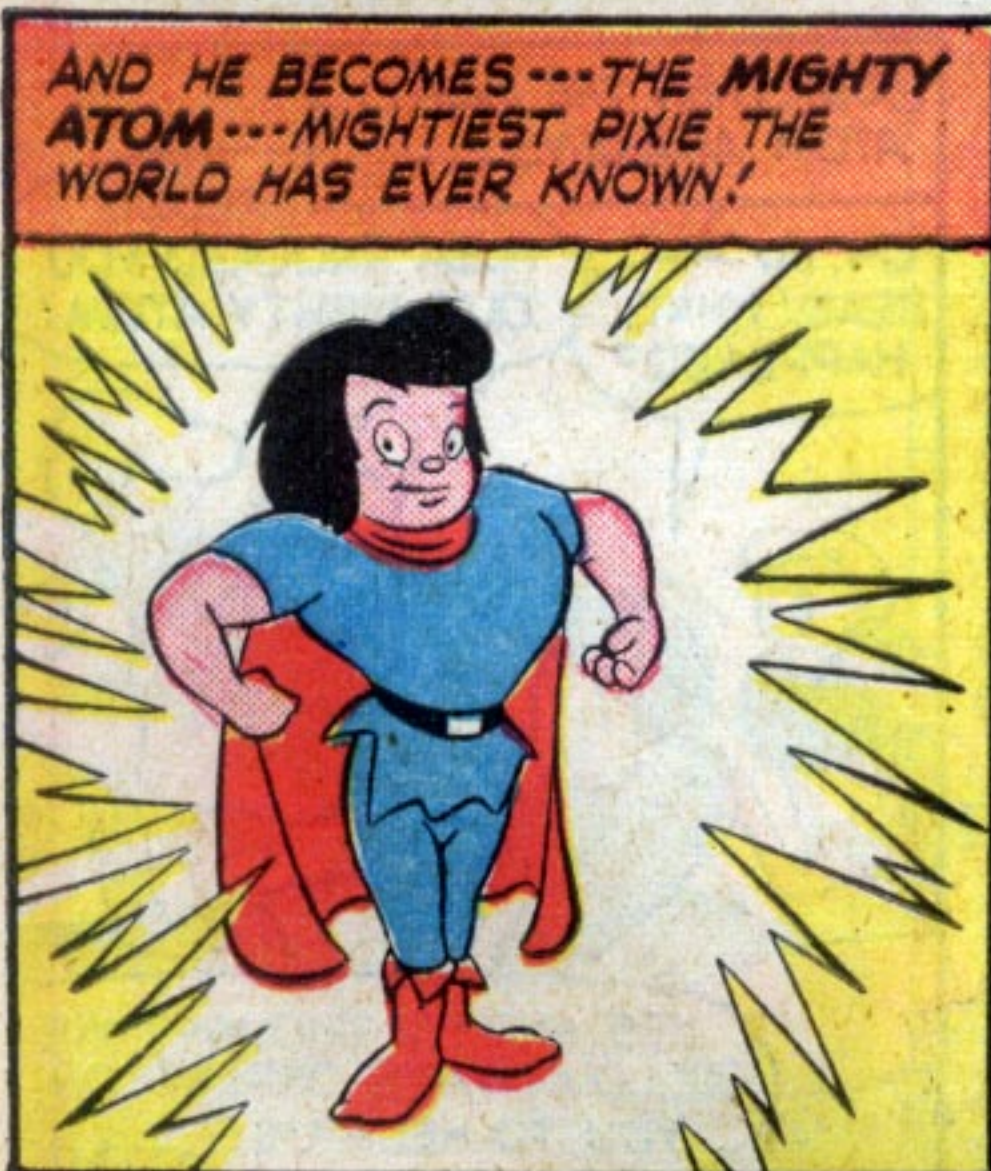
PICK A PECK
O' PIXIES!



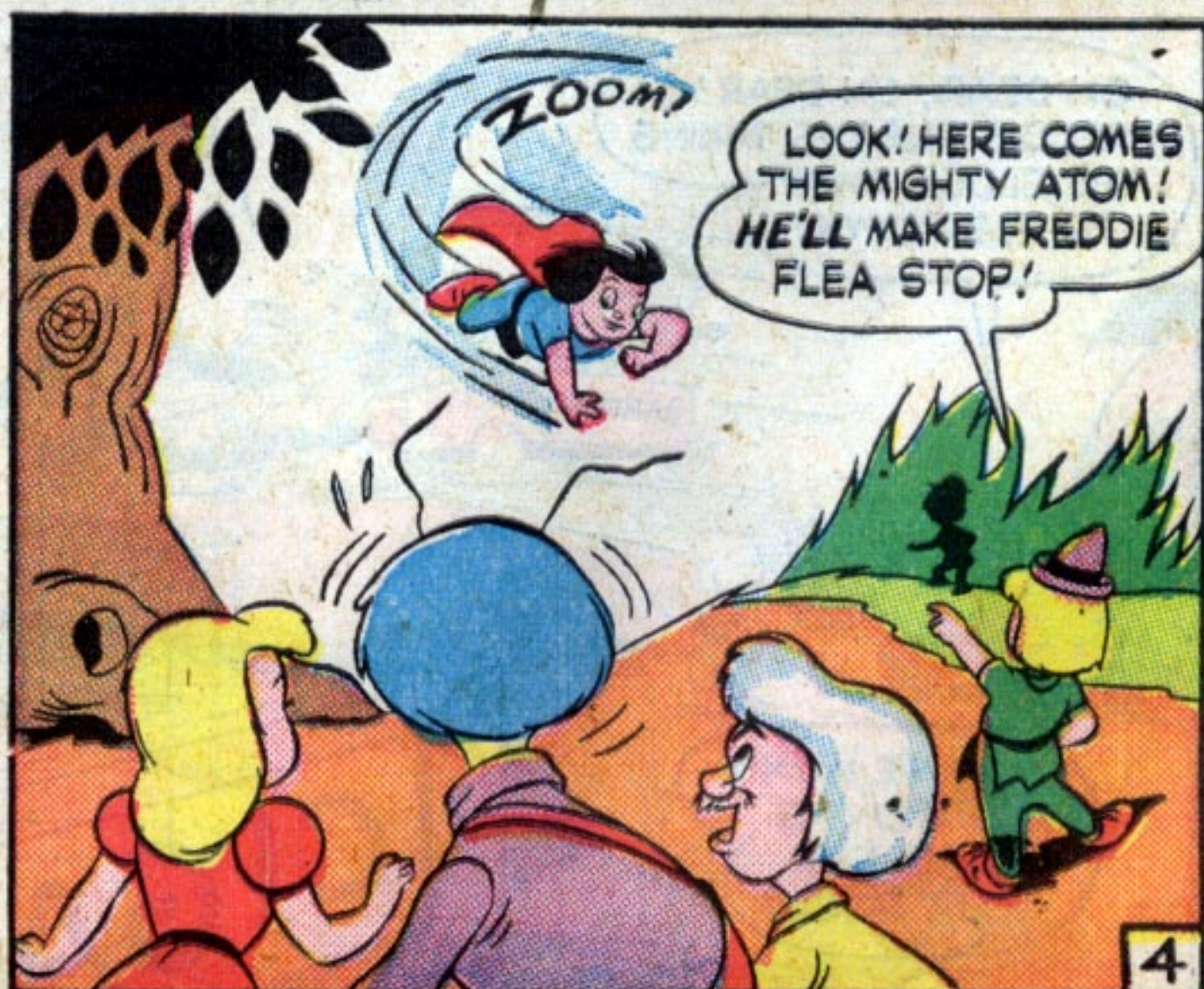
CRASH!

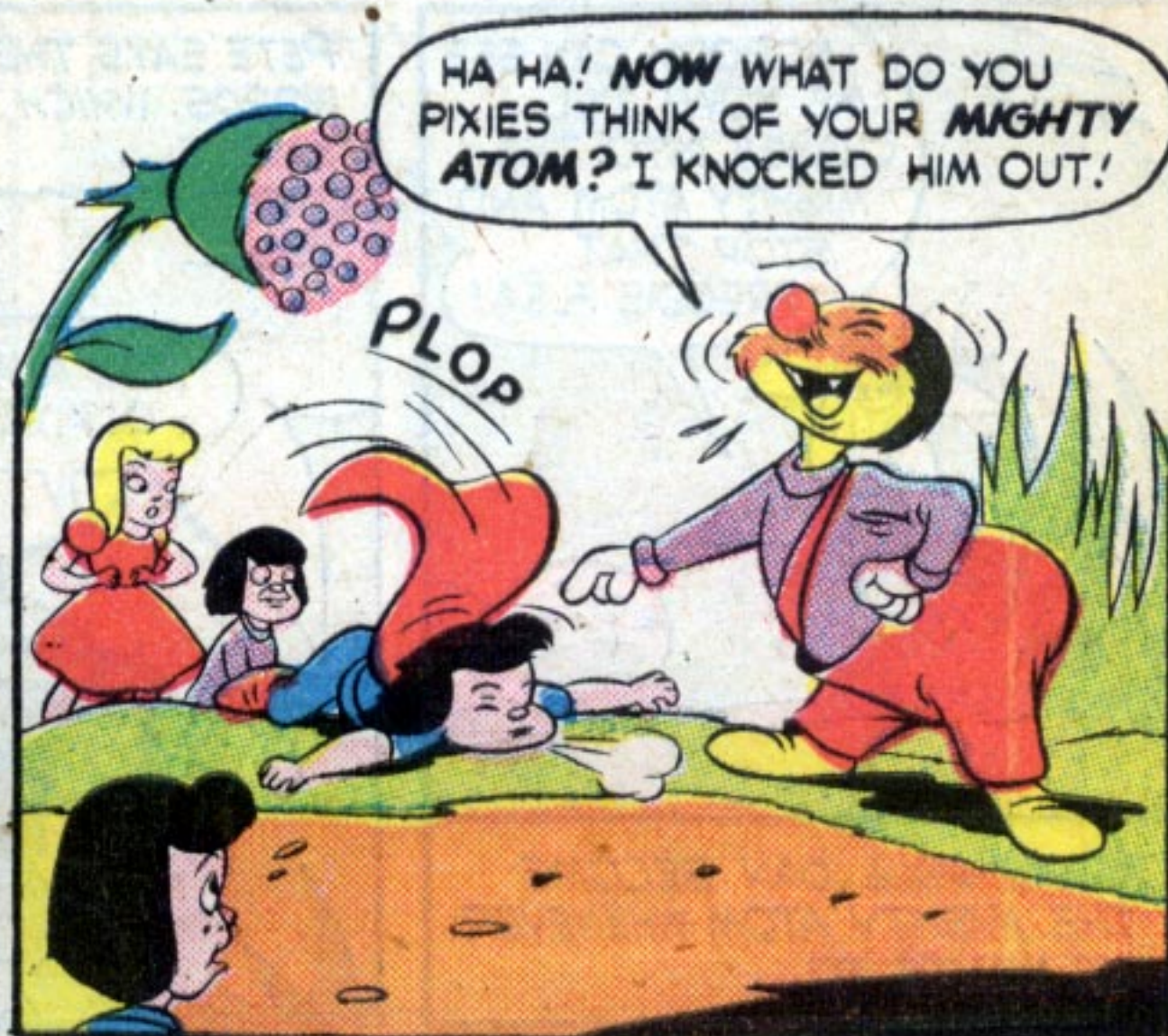
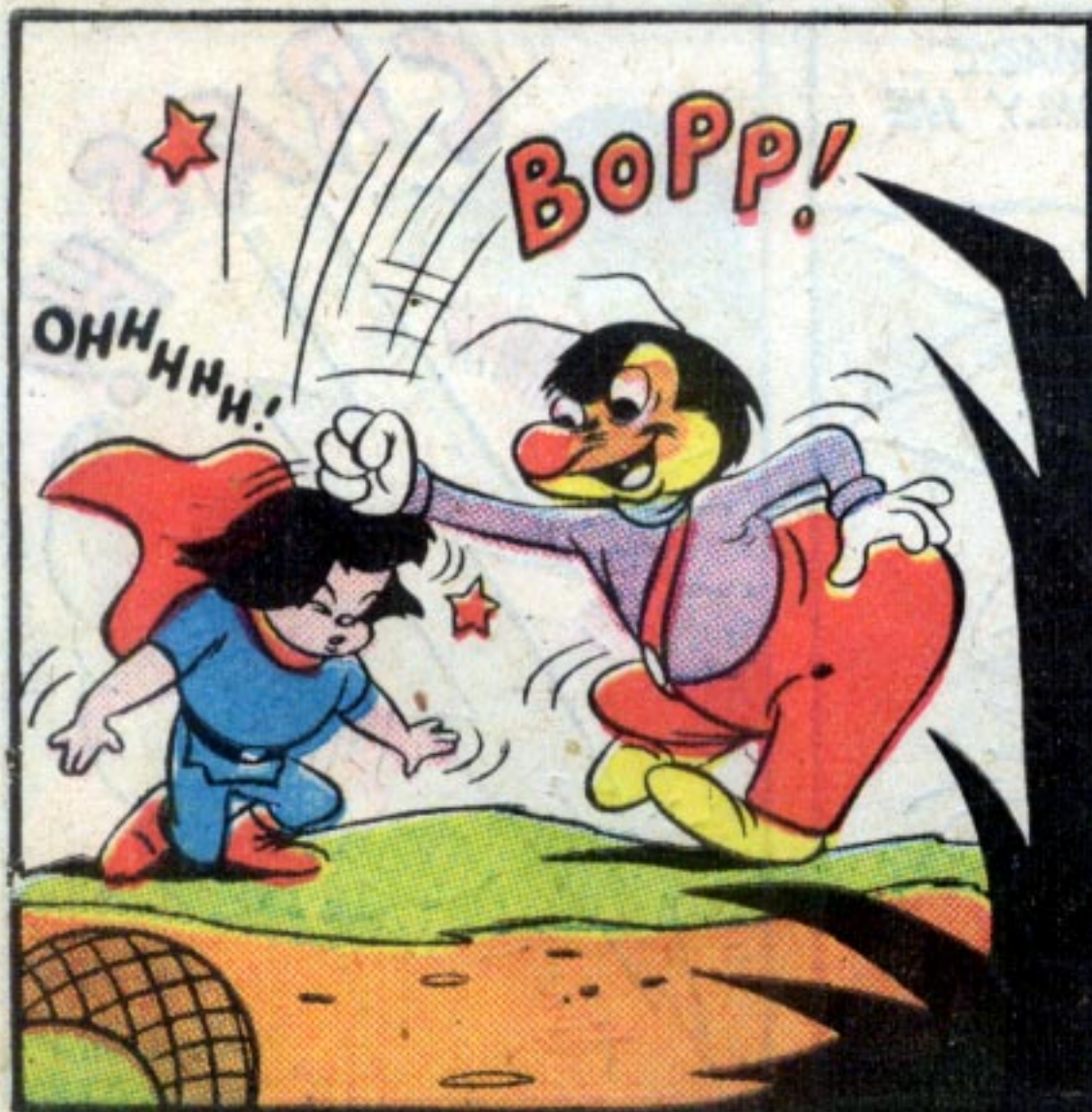
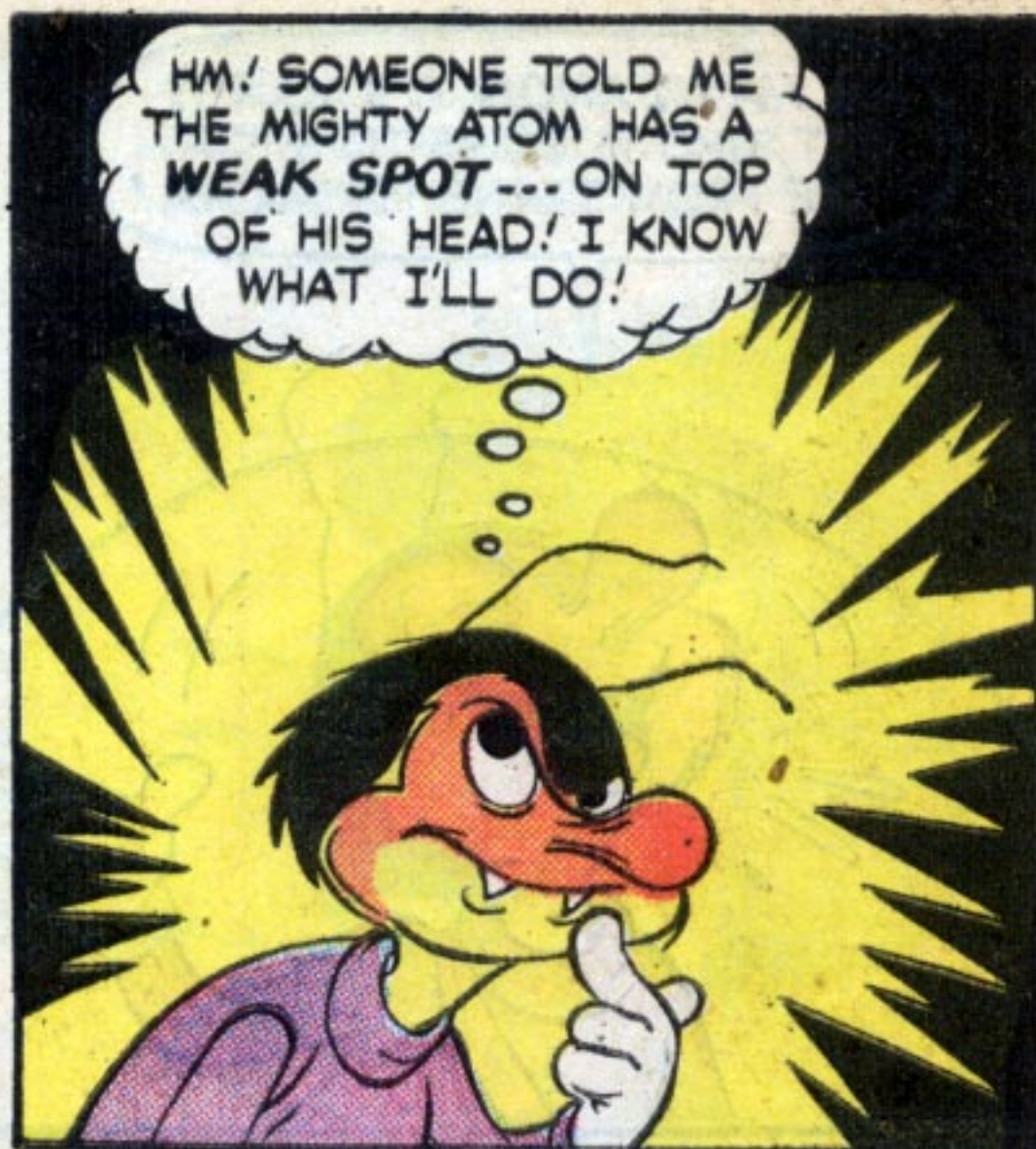
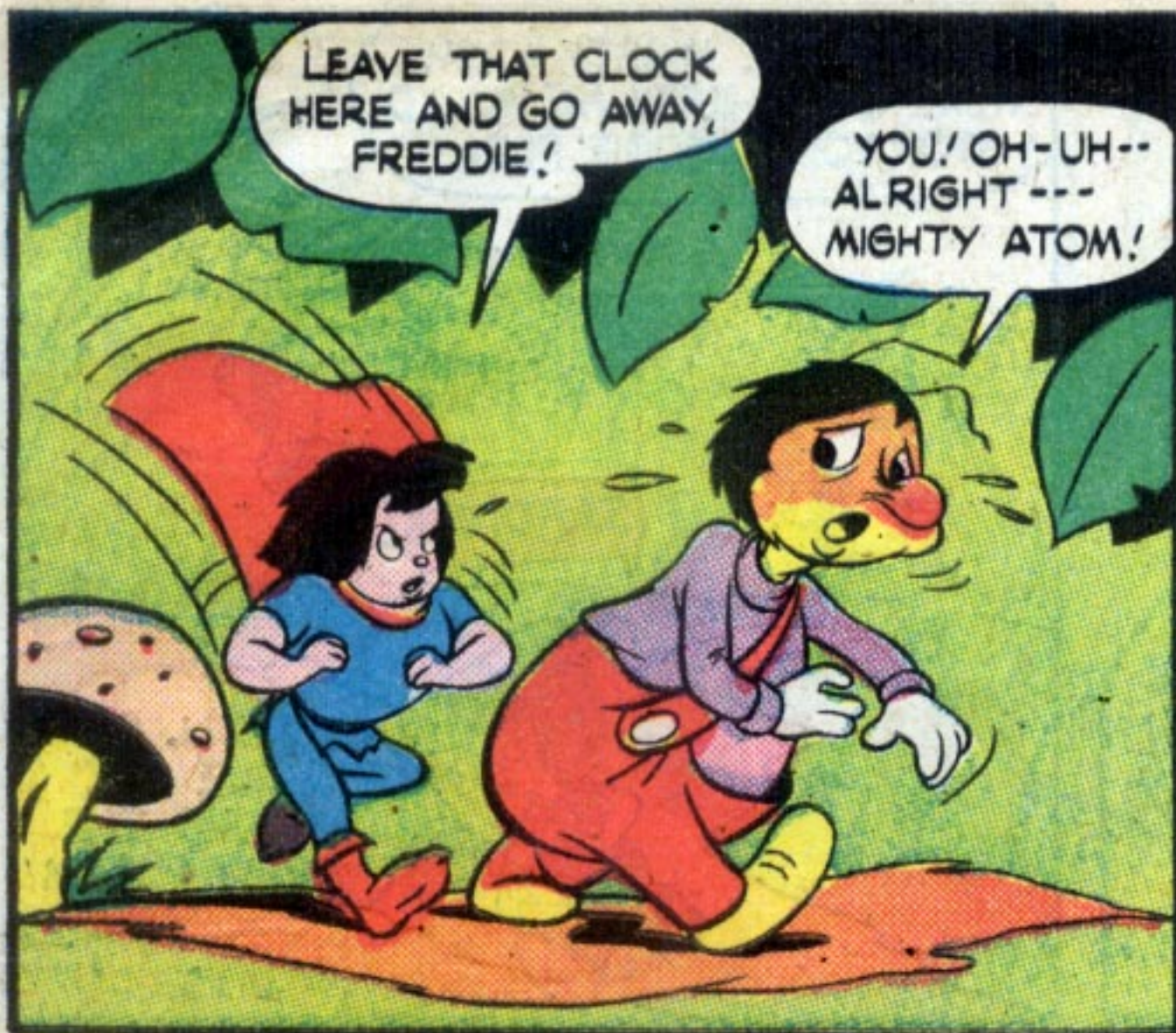


AND HE BECOMES---THE MIGHTY
ATOM---MIGHTIEST PIXIE THE
WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!



LOOK! HERE COMES
THE MIGHTY ATOM!
HE'LL MAKE FREDDIE
FLEA STOP!





YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME,
PIXIES! I **PROMISE** YOU I'LL
BRING BACK THAT CLOCK!



FREDDIE FLEA! THAT CLOCK
BELONGS TO THE PIXIES AND
I'VE COME TO TAKE IT BACK!

OH-IT'S YOU
AGAIN! I
WON'T GIVE
YOU THE
CLOCK!



I'LL KNOCK YOU OVER
THE **HEAD** JUST LIKE
I DID BEFORE!



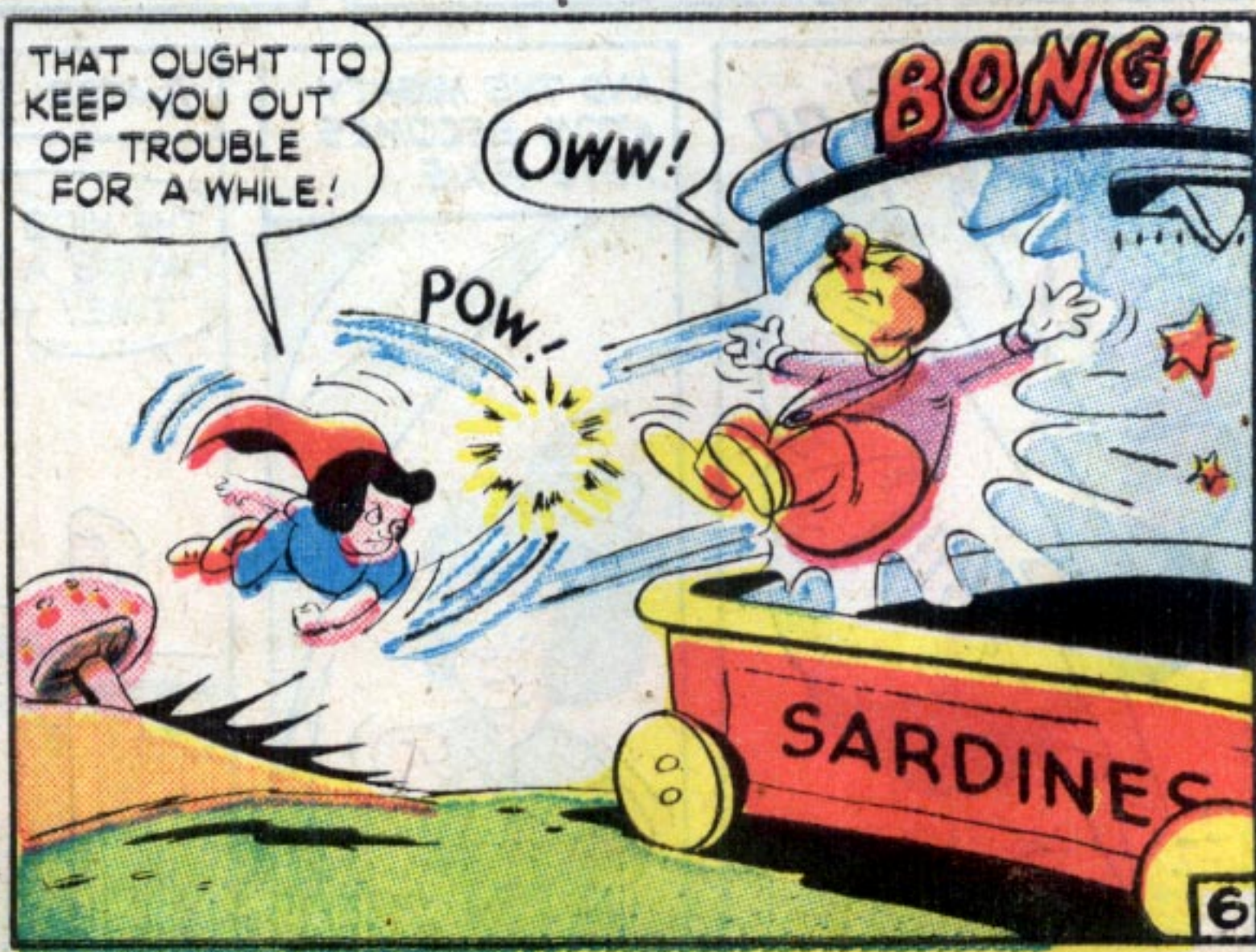
SUPPOSE YOU
TRY MY **CHEST**
FOR A CHANGE!

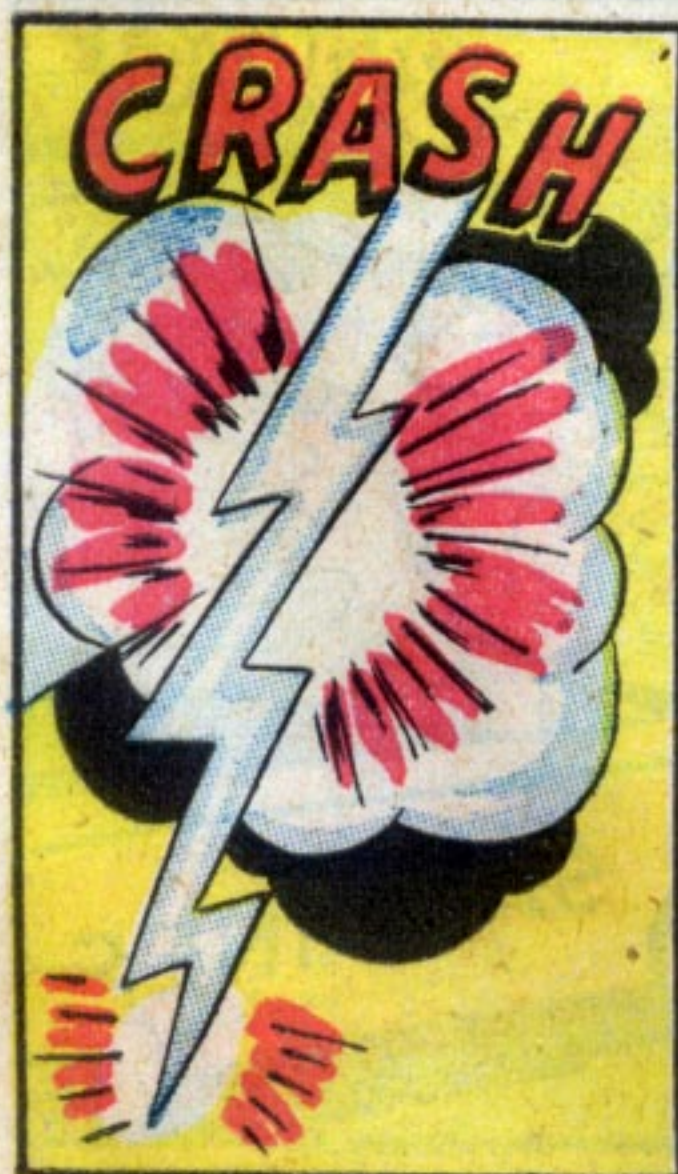
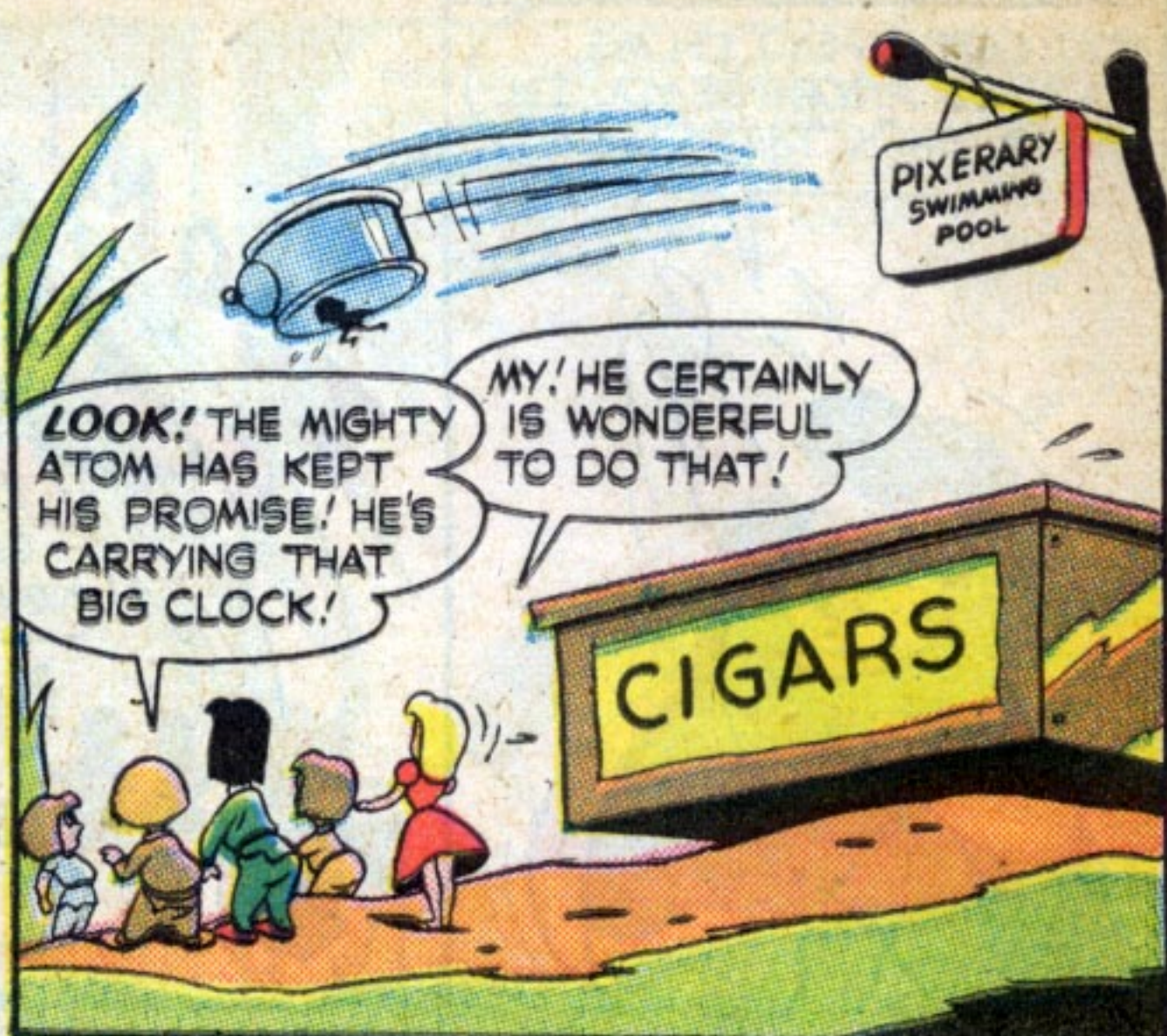


THESE PIXIES ARE WAITING
FOR THEIR CLOCK! I'LL
HAVE TO STOP **PLAYING**
WITH YOU!



THAT OUGHT TO
KEEP YOU OUT
OF TROUBLE
FOR A WHILE!





for parents only

Dear Parents:

Some people habitually make scornful remarks about the "comic" books; others even condemn them outright. And every so often, something very much like an organized campaign is waged against these magazines.

Well, when the printing press was invented, it was denounced as an instrument of the devil. When the stage began to win popularity, it too was attacked as evil. The moving pictures faced the same criticism. So has radio . . . and television will be next.

All these entertainment media have survived, have improved, and have done much good. Very few people would seriously consider doing away with them now.

The books called "comic" represent an effective entertainment form, particularly for children—for whom they are designed. That there have been "bad" comic books, or inferior ones, is no valid argument against this type of magazine as a whole. There have been bad books, plays, motion pictures and radio shows.

We try our best to make TICK TOCK TALES and our other publications good, worthwhile magazines for children—and we endeavor to avoid boring the grown-ups who often must read the books to the youngsters. Those of you who have bought this magazine since its first appearance have certainly seen many improvements as one issue succeeded another.

We know that more improvements can be made, and we will continue to make them. That's where *you* come in.

You can help us—and your children—if you will take a little time out to write us about TICK TOCK TALES and about comic magazines in general. Tell us what you *like*, what you *don't* like, and what changes you would recommend.

We should also like you to pass along *your children's* likes and dislikes. We have youngsters of our own, and it is amazing how often their viewpoints differ from our own editorial judgments.

We'd really like to hear from you . . .

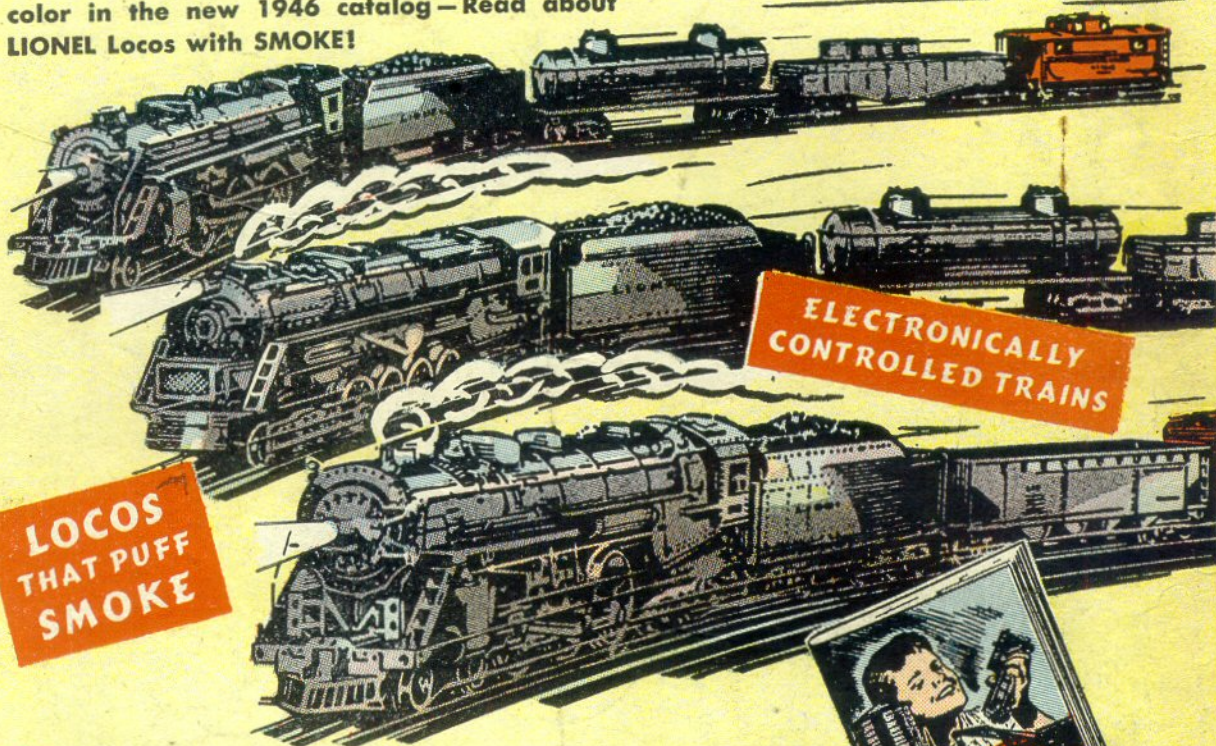
Sincerely,

The Editor

Address replies to:
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